

# PUBLIC DOMAIN LITERATURE FOR JUNE 2016

Compilation by Matt Pierard



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## THE GIRL WHO WENT RIGHT

from *Cheerful--By Request*, by Edna Ferber

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There is a story--Kipling, I think--that tells of a spirited horse galloping in the dark suddenly drawing up tense, hoofs bunched, slim flanks quivering, nostrils dilated, ears pricked. Urging being of no avail the rider dismounts, strikes a match, advances a cautious step or so, and finds himself at the precipitous brink of a newly formed crevasse.

So it is with your trained editor. A miraculous sixth sense guides him. A mysterious something warns him of danger lurking within the seemingly innocent oblong white envelope. Without slitting the flap, without pausing to adjust his tortoise-rimmed glasses, without clearing his throat, without lighting his cigarette--he knows.

The deadly newspaper story he scents in the dark. Cub reporter. Crusty city editor. Cub fired. Stumbles on to a big story. Staggers into newspaper office wild-eyed. Last edition. "Hold the presses!" Crusty C.E. stands over cub's typewriter grabbing story line by line. Even foreman of pressroom moved to tears by tale. "Boys, this ain't just a story this kid's writin'. This is history!" Story finished. Cub faints. C.E. makes him star reporter.

The athletic story: "I could never marry a mollycoddle like you, Harold Hammond!" Big game of the year. Team crippled. Second half. Halfback hurt. Harold Hammond, scrub, into the game. Touchdown! Broken leg. Five to nothing. "Harold, can you ever, ever forgive me?"

The pseudo-psychological story: She had been sitting before the fire for a long, long time. The flame had flickered and died down to a smouldering ash. The sound of his departing footsteps echoed and re-echoed through her brain. But the little room was very, very still.

The shop-girl story: Torn boots and temptation, tears and sneers, pathos and bathos, all the way from Zola to the vice inquiry.

Having thus attempted to hide the deadly commonplaceness of this story with a thin layer of cynicism, perhaps even the wily editor may be tricked into taking the leap.

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Four weeks before the completion of the new twelve-story addition the store advertised for two hundred experienced saleswomen. Rachel Wiletzky, entering the superintendent's office after a wait of three

hours, was Applicant No. 179. The superintendent did not look up as Rachel came in. He scribbled busily on a pad of paper at his desk, thus observing rules one and two in the proper conduct of superintendents when interviewing applicants. Rachel Wiletzky, standing by his desk, did not cough or wriggle or rustle her skirts or sag on one hip. A sense of her quiet penetrated the superintendent's subconsciousness. He glanced up hurriedly over his left shoulder. Then he laid down his pencil and sat up slowly. His mind was working quickly enough though. In the twelve seconds that intervened between the laying down of the pencil and the sitting up in his chair he had hastily readjusted all his well-founded preconceived ideas on the appearance of shop-girl applicants.

Rachel Wiletzky had the colouring and physique of a dairymaid. It was the sort of colouring that you associate in your mind with lush green fields, and Jersey cows, and village maids, in Watteau frocks, balancing brimming pails aloft in the protecting curve of one rounded upraised arm, with perhaps a Maypole dance or so in the background. Altogether, had the superintendent been given to figures of speech, he might have said that Rachel was as much out of place among the preceding one hundred and seventy-eight bloodless, hollow-chested, stoop-shouldered applicants as a sunflower would be in a patch of dank white fungi.

He himself was one of those bleached men that you find on the office floor of department stores. Grey skin, grey eyes, greying hair, careful grey clothes--seemingly as void of pigment as one of those sunless things you disclose when you turn over a board that has long lain on the mouldy floor of a damp cellar. It was only when you looked closely that you noticed a fleck of golden brown in the cold grey of each eye, and a streak of warm brown forming an unquenchable forelock that the conquering grey had not been able to vanquish. It may have been a something within him corresponding to those outward bits of human colouring that tempted him to yield to a queer impulse. He whipped from his breast-pocket the grey-bordered handkerchief, reached up swiftly and passed one white corner of it down the length of Rachel Wiletzky's Killarney-rose left cheek. The rude path down which the handkerchief had travelled deepened to red for a moment before both rose-pink cheeks bloomed into scarlet. The superintendent gazed rather ruefully from unblemished handkerchief to cheek and back again.

"Why--it--it's real!" he stammered.

Rachel Wiletzky smiled a good-natured little smile that had in it a dash of superiority.

"If I was putting it on," she said, "I hope I'd have sense enough to leave something to the imagination. This colour out of a box would take a spiderweb veil to tone it down."

Not much more than a score of words. And yet before the half were spoken you were certain that Rachel Wiletzky's knowledge of lush green fields and bucolic scenes was that gleaned from the condensed-milk ads that glare down at one from billboards and street-car chromos. Hers was the ghetto voice--harsh, metallic, yet fraught with the resonant music of tragedy.

"H'm--name?" asked the grey superintendent. He knew that vocal quality.

A queer look stole into Rachel Wiletzky's face, a look of cunning and determination and shrewdness.

"Ray Willets," she replied composedly. "Double I."

"Clerked before, of course. Our advertisement stated--"

"Oh yes," interrupted Ray Willets hastily, eagerly. "I can sell goods. My customers like me. And I don't get tired. I don't know why, but I don't."

The superintendent glanced up again at the red that glowed higher with the girl's suppressed excitement. He took a printed slip from the little pile of paper that lay on his desk.

"Well, anyway, you're the first clerk I ever saw who had so much red blood that she could afford to use it for decorative purposes. Step into the next room, answer the questions on this card and turn it in. You'll be notified."

Ray Willets took the searching, telltale blank that put its questions so pertinently. "Where last employed?" it demanded. "Why did you leave? Do you live at home?"

Ray Willets moved slowly away toward the door opposite. The superintendent reached forward to press the button that would summon Applicant No. 180. But before his finger touched it Ray Willets turned and came back swiftly. She held the card out before his surprised eyes.

"I can't fill this out. If I do I won't get the job. I work over at the Halsted Street Bazaar. You know--the Cheap Store. I lied and sent word I was sick so I could come over here this morning. And they dock you for time off whether you're sick or not."

The superintendent drummed impatiently with his fingers. "I can't listen to all this. Haven't time. Fill out your blank, and if--"

All that latent dramatic force which is a heritage of her race came to

the girl's aid now.

"The blank! How can I say on a blank that I'm leaving because I want to be where real people are? What chance has a girl got over there on the West Side? I'm different. I don't know why, but I am. Look at my face! Where should I get red cheeks from? From not having enough to eat half the time and sleeping three in a bed?"

She snatched off her shabby glove and held one hand out before the man's face.

"From where do I get such hands? Not from selling hardware over at Twelfth and Halsted. Look at it! Say, couldn't that hand sell silk and lace?"

Some one has said that to make fingers and wrists like those which Ray Willets held out for inspection it is necessary to have had at least five generations of ancestors who have sat with their hands folded in their laps. Slender, tapering, sensitive hands they were, pink-tipped, temperamental. Wistful hands they were, speaking hands, an inheritance, perhaps, from some dreamer ancestor within the old-world ghetto, some long-haired, velvet-eyed student of the Talmud dwelling within the pale with its squalor and noise, and dreaming of unseen things beyond the confining gates--things rare and exquisite and fine.

"Ashamed of your folks?" snapped the superintendent.

"N-no--No! But I want to be different. I am different! Give me a chance, will you? I'm straight. And I'll work. And I can sell goods. Try me."

That all-pervading greyness seemed to have lifted from the man at the desk. The brown flecks in the eyes seemed to spread and engulf the surrounding colourlessness. His face, too, took on a glow that seemed to come from within. It was like the lifting of a thick grey mist on a foggy morning, so that the sun shines bright and clear for a brief moment before the damp curtain rolls down again and effaces it.

He leaned forward in his chair, a queer half-smile on his face.

"I'll give you your chance," he said, "for one month. At the end of that time I'll send for you. I'm not going to watch you. I'm not going to have you watched. Of course your sale slips will show the office whether you're selling goods or not. If you're not they'll discharge you. But that's routine. What do you want to sell?"

"What do I want to--Do you mean--Why, I want to sell the lacy things."

"The lacy--"

Ray, very red-cheeked, made the plunge. "The--the lawnjeree, you know. The things with ribbon and handwork and yards and yards of real lace. I've seen 'em in the glass case in the French Room. Seventy-nine dollars marked down from one hundred."

The superintendent scribbled on a card. "Show this Monday morning. Miss Jevne is the head of your department. You'll spend two hours a day in the store school of instruction for clerks. Here, you're forgetting your glove."

The grey look had settled down on him again as he reached out to press the desk button. Ray Willets passed out at the door opposite the one through which Rachel Wiletzky had entered.

Some one in the department nick-named her Chubbs before she had spent half a day in the underwear and imported lingerie. At the store school she listened and learned. She learned how important were things of which Halsted Street took no cognisance. She learned to make out a sale slip as complicated as an engineering blueprint. She learned that a clerk must develop suavity and patience in the same degree as a customer waxes waspish and insulting, and that the spectrum's colours do not exist in the costume of the girl-behind-the-counter. For her there are only black and white. These things she learned and many more, and remembered them, for behind the rosy cheeks and the terrier-bright eyes burned the indomitable desire to get on. And the finished embodiment of all of Ray Willets' desires and ambitions was daily before her eyes in the presence of Miss Jevne, head of the lingerie and negligées.

Of Miss Jevne it might be said that she was real where Ray was artificial, and artificial where Ray was real. Everything that Miss Jevne wore was real. She was as modish as Ray was shabby, as slim as Ray was stocky, as artificially tinted and tintured as Ray was naturally rosy-cheeked and buxom. It takes real money to buy clothes as real as those worn by Miss Jevne. The soft charmeuse in her graceful gown was real and miraculously draped. The cobweb-lace collar that so delicately traced its pattern against the black background of her gown was real. So was the ripple of lace that cascaded down the front of her blouse. The straight, correct, hideously modern lines of her figure bespoke a real eighteen-dollar corset. Realest of all, there reposed on Miss Jevne's bosom a bar pin of platinum and diamonds--very real diamonds set in a severely plain but very real bar of precious platinum. So if you except Miss Jevne's changeless colour, her artificial smile, her glittering hair and her undulating head-of-the-department walk, you can see that everything about Miss Jevne was as real as money can make one.

Miss Jevne, when she deigned to notice Ray Willets at all, called her

"girl," thus: "Girl, get down one of those Number Seventeens for me--with the pink ribbons." Ray did not resent the tone. She thought about Miss Jevne as she worked. She thought about her at night when she was washing and ironing her other shirtwaist for next day's wear. In the Halsted Street Bazaar the girls had been on terms of dreadful intimacy with those affairs in each other's lives which popularly are supposed to be private knowledge. They knew the sum which each earned per week; how much they turned in to help swell the family coffers and how much they were allowed to keep for their own use. They knew each time a girl spent a quarter for a cheap sailor collar or a pair of near-silk stockings. Ray Willets, who wanted passionately to be different, whose hands so loved the touch of the lacy, silky garments that made up the lingerie and negligee departments, recognised the perfection of Miss Jevne's faultless realness--recognised it, appreciated it, envied it. It worried her too. How did she do it? How did one go about attaining the same degree of realness?

Meanwhile she worked. She learned quickly. She took care always to be cheerful, interested, polite. After a short week's handling of lacy silken garments she ceased to feel a shock when she saw Miss Jevne displaying a \_robe-de-nuit\_ made up of white cloud and sea-foam and languidly assuring the customer that of course it wasn't to be expected that you could get a fine handmade lace at that price--only twenty-seven-fifty. Now if she cared to look at something really fine--made entirely by hand--why--

The end of the first ten days found so much knowledge crammed into Ray Willets' clever, ambitious little head that the pink of her cheeks had deepened to carmine, as a child grows flushed and too bright-eyed when overstimulated and overtired.

Miss Myrtle, the store beauty, strolled up to Ray, who was straightening a pile of corset covers and \_brassieres\_. Miss Myrtle was the store's star cloak-and-suit model. Tall, svelte, graceful, lovely in line and contour, she was remarkably like one of those exquisite imbeciles that Rossetti used to love to paint. Hers were the great cowlike eyes, the wonderful oval face, the marvellous little nose, the perfect lips and chin. Miss Myrtle could don a forty-dollar gown, parade it before a possible purchaser, and make it look like an imported model at one hundred and twenty-five. When Miss Myrtle opened those exquisite lips and spoke you got a shock that hurt. She laid one cool slim finger on Ray's ruddy cheek.

"Sure enough!" she drawled nasally. "Whereja get it anyway, kid? You must of been brought up on peaches 'n' cream and slept in a pink cloud somewheres."

"Me!" laughed Ray, her deft fingers busy straightening a bow here, a

ruffle of lace there. "Me! The L-train runs so near my bed that if it was ever to get a notion to take a short cut it would slice off my legs to the knees."

"Live at home?" Miss Myrtle's grasshopper mind never dwelt long on one subject.

"Well, sure," replied Ray. "Did you think I had a flat up on the Drive?"

"I live at home too," Miss Myrtle announced impressively. She was leaning indolently against the table. Her eyes followed the deft, quick movements of Ray's slender, capable hands. Miss Myrtle always leaned when there was anything to lean on. Involuntarily she fell into melting poses. One shoulder always drooped slightly, one toe always trailed a bit like the picture on the cover of the fashion magazines, one hand and arm always followed the line of her draperies while the other was raised to hip or breast or head.

Ray's busy hands paused a moment. She looked up at the picturesque Myrtle. "All the girls do, don't they?"

"Huh?" said Myrtle blankly.

"Live at home, I mean? The application blank says--"

"Say, you've got clever hands, ain't you?" put in Miss Myrtle irrelevantly. She looked ruefully at her own short, stubby, unintelligent hands, that so perfectly reflected her character in that marvellous way hands have. "Mine are stupid-looking. I'll bet you'll get on." She sagged to the other hip with a weary gracefulness. "I ain't got no brains," she complained.

"Where do they live then?" persisted Ray.

"Who? Oh, I live at home"--again virtuously--"but I've got some heart if I am dumb. My folks couldn't get along without what I bring home every week. A lot of the girls have flats. But that don't last. Now Jevne--"

"Yes?" said Ray eagerly. Her plump face with its intelligent eyes was all aglow.

Miss Myrtle lowered her voice discreetly. "Her own folks don't know where she lives. They says she sends 'em money every month, but with the understanding that they don't try to come to see her. They live way over on the West Side somewhere. She makes her buying trip to Europe every year. Speaks French and everything. They say when she started to earn real money she just cut loose from her folks. They was a drag on her and she wanted to get to the top."



"Say, that pin's real, ain't it?"

"Real? Well, I should say it is! Catch Jevne wearing anything that's phony. I saw her at the theatre one night. Dressed! Well, you'd have thought that birds of paradise were national pests, like English sparrows. Not that she looked loud. But that quiet, rich elegance, you know, that just smells of money. Say, but I'll bet she has her lonesome evenings!"

Ray Willets' eyes darted across the long room and rested upon the shining black-clad figure of Miss Jevne moving about against the luxurious ivory-and-rose background of the French Room.

"She--she left her folks, h'm?" she mused aloud.

Miss Myrtle, the brainless, regarded the tips of her shabby boots.

"What did it get her?" she asked as though to herself. "I know what it does to a girl, seeing and handling stuff that's made for millionaires, you get a taste for it yourself. Take it from me, it ain't the six-dollar girl that needs looking after. She's taking her little pay envelope home to her mother that's a widow and it goes to buy milk for the kids. Sometimes I think the more you get the more you want. Somebody ought to turn that vice inquiry on to the tracks of that thirty-dollar-a-week girl in the Irish crochet waist and the diamond bar pin. She'd make swell readin'."

There fell a little silence between the two--a silence of which neither was conscious. Both were thinking, Myrtle disjointedly, purposelessly, all unconscious that her slow, untrained mind had groped for a great and vital truth and found it; Ray quickly, eagerly, connectedly, a new and daring resolve growing with lightning rapidity.

"There's another new baby at our house," she said aloud suddenly. "It cries all night pretty near."

"Ain't they fierce?" laughed Myrtle. "And yet I dunno--"

She fell silent again. Then with the half-sign with which we waken from day dreams she moved away in response to the beckoning finger of a saleswoman in the evening-coat section. Ten minutes later her exquisite face rose above the soft folds of a black charmeuse coat that rippled away from her slender, supple body in lines that a sculptor dreams of and never achieves.

Ray Willets finished straightening her counter. Trade was slow. She moved idly in the direction of the black-garbed figure that flitted

about in the costly atmosphere of the French section. It must be a very special customer to claim Miss Jevne's expert services. Ray glanced in through the half-opened glass and ivory-enamel doors.

"Here, girl," called Miss Jevne. Ray paused and entered. Miss Jevne was frowning. "Miss Myrtle's busy. Just slip this on. Careful now. Keep your arms close to your head."

She slipped a marvellously wrought garment over Ray's sleek head. Fluffy drifts of equally exquisite lingerie lay scattered about on chairs, over mirrors, across showtables. On one of the fragile little ivory-and-rose chairs, in the centre of the costly little room, sat a large, blonde, perfumed woman who clanked and rustled and swished as she moved. Her eyes were white-lidded and heavy, but strangely bright. One ungloved hand was very white too, but pudgy and covered so thickly with gems that your eye could get no clear picture of any single stone or setting.

Ray, clad in the diaphanous folds of the \_robe-de-nuit\_ that was so beautifully adorned with delicate embroideries wrought by the patient, needle-scarred fingers of some silent, white-faced nun in a far-away convent, paced slowly up and down the short length of the room that the critical eye of this coarse, unlettered creature might behold the wonders woven by this weary French nun, and, beholding, approve.

"It ain't bad," spake the blonde woman grudgingly. "How much did you say?"

"Ninety-five," Miss Jevne made answer smoothly. "I selected it myself when I was in France my last trip. A bargain."

She slid the robe carefully over Ray's head. The frown came once more to her brow. She bent close to Ray's ear. "Your waist's ripped under the left arm. Disgraceful!"

The blonde woman moved and jangled a bit in her chair. "Well, I'll take it," she sighed. "Look at the colour on that girl! And it's real too." She rose heavily and came over to Ray, reached up and pinched her cheek appraisingly with perfumed white thumb and forefinger.

"That'll do, girl," said Miss Jevne sweetly. "Take this along and change these ribbons from blue to pink."

Ray Willets bore the fairy garment away with her. She bore it tenderly, almost reverently. It was more than a garment. It represented in her mind a new standard of all that was beautiful and exquisite and desirable.

Ten days before the formal opening of the new twelve-story addition

there was issued from the superintendent's office an order that made a little flurry among the clerks in the sections devoted to women's dress. The new store when thrown open would mark an epoch in the retail drygoods business of the city, the order began. Thousands were to be spent on perishable decorations alone. The highest type of patronage was to be catered to. Therefore the women in the lingerie, negligée, millinery, dress, suit and corset sections were requested to wear during opening week a modest but modish black one-piece gown that would blend with the air of elegance which those departments were to maintain.

Ray Willets of the lingerie and negligée sections read her order slip slowly. Then she reread it. Then she did a mental sum in simple arithmetic. A childish sum it was. And yet before she got her answer the solving of it had stamped on her face a certain hard, set, resolute look.

The store management had chosen Wednesday to be the opening day. By eight-thirty o'clock Wednesday morning the French lingerie, millinery and dress sections, with their women clerks garbed in modest but modish black one-piece gowns, looked like a levee at Buckingham when the court is in mourning. But the ladies-in-waiting, grouped about here and there, fell back in respectful silence when there paced down the aisle the queen royal in the person of Miss Jevne. There is a certain sort of black gown that is more startling and daring than scarlet. Miss Jevne's was that style. Fast black you might term it. Miss Jevne was aware of the flurry and flutter that followed her majestic progress down the aisle to her own section. She knew that each eye was caught in the tip of the little dog-eared train that slipped and slunk and wriggled along the ground, thence up to the soft drapery caught so cunningly just below the knee, up higher to the marvelously simple sash that swayed with each step, to the soft folds of black against which rested the very real diamond and platinum bar pin, up to the lace at her throat, and then stopping, blinking and staring again gazed fixedly at the string of pearls that lay about her throat, pearls rosily pink, mistily grey. An aura of self-satisfaction enveloping her, Miss Jevne disappeared behind the rose-garlanded portals of the new cream-and-mauve French section. And there the aura vanished, quivering. For standing before one of the plate-glass cases and patting into place with deft fingers the satin bow of a hand-wrought chemise was Ray Willets, in her shiny little black serge skirt and the braver of her two white shirtwaists.

Miss Jevne quickened her pace. Ray turned. Her bright brown eyes grew brighter at sight of Miss Jevne's wondrous black. Miss Jevne, her train wound round her feet like an actress' photograph, lifted her eyebrows to an unbelievable height.

"Explain that costume!" she said.

"Costume?" repeated Ray, fencing.

Miss Jevne's thin lips grew thinner. "You understood that women in this department were to wear black one-piece gowns this week!"

Ray smiled a little twisted smile. "Yes, I understood."

"Then what--"

Ray's little smile grew a trifle more uncertain. "--I had the money--last week--I was going to--The baby took sick--the heat I guess, coming so sudden. We had the doctor--and medicine--I--Say, your own folks come before black one-piece dresses!"

Miss Jevne's cold eyes saw the careful patch under Ray's left arm where a few days before the torn place had won her a reproof. It was the last straw.

"You can't stay in this department in that rig!"

"Who says so?" snapped Ray with a flash of Halsted Street bravado. "If my customers want a peek at Paquin I'll send 'em to you."

"I'll show you who says so!" retorted Miss Jevne, quite losing sight of the queen business. The stately form of the floor manager was visible among the glass showcases beyond. Miss Jevne sought him agitatedly. All the little sagging lines about her mouth showed up sharply, defying years of careful massage.

The floor manager bent his stately head and listened. Then, led by Miss Jevne, he approached Ray Willets, whose deft fingers, trembling a very little now, were still pretending to adjust the perfect pink-satin bow.

The manager touched her on the arm not unkindly. "Report for work in the kitchen utensils, fifth floor," he said. Then at sight of the girl's face: "We can't have one disobeying orders, you know. The rest of the clerks would raise a row in no time."

Down in the kitchen utensils and household goods there was no rule demanding modest but modish one-piece gowns. In the kitchenware one could don black sateen sleevelets to protect one's clean white waist without breaking the department's tenets of fashion. You could even pin a handkerchief across the front of your waist, if your job was that of dusting the granite ware.

At first Ray's delicate fingers, accustomed to the touch of soft, sheer white stuff and ribbon and lace and silk, shrank from contact with meat grinders, and aluminum stewpans, and egg beaters, and waffle irons, and

pie tins. She handled them contemptuously. She sold them listlessly. After weeks of expatiating to customers on the beauties and excellencies of gossamer lingerie she found it difficult to work up enthusiasm over the virtues of dishpans and spice boxes. By noon she was less resentful. By two o'clock she was saying to a fellow clerk:

"Well, anyway, in this section you don't have to tell a woman how graceful and charming she's going to look while she's working the washing machine."

She was a born saleswoman. In spite of herself she became interested in the buying problems of the practical and plain-visaged housewives who patronised this section. By three o'clock she was looking thoughtful--thoughtful and contented.

Then came the summons. The lingerie section was swamped! Report to Miss Jevne at once! Almost regretfully Ray gave her customer over to an idle clerk and sought out Miss Jevne. Some of that lady's statuesqueness was gone. The bar pin on her bosom rose and fell rapidly. She espied Ray and met her halfway. In her hand she carried a soft black something which she thrust at Ray.

"Here, put that on in one of the fitting rooms. Be quick about it. It's your size. The department's swamped. Hurry now!"

Ray took from Miss Jevne the black silk gown, modest but modish. There was no joy in Ray's face. Ten minutes later she emerged in the limp and clinging little frock that toned down her colour and made her plumpness seem but rounded charm.

The big store will talk for many a day of that afternoon and the three afternoons that followed, until Sunday brought pause to the thousands of feet beating a ceaseless tattoo up and down the thronged aisles. On the Monday following thousands swarmed down upon the store again, but not in such overwhelming numbers. There were breathing spaces. It was during one of these that Miss Myrtle, the beauty, found time for a brief moment's chat with Ray Willets.

Ray was straightening her counter again. She had a passion for order. Myrtle eyed her wearily. Her slender shoulders had carried an endless number and variety of garments during those four days and her feet had paced weary miles that those garments might the better be displayed.

"Black's grand on you," observed Myrtle. "Tones you down." She glanced sharply at the gown. "Looks just like one of our eighteen-dollar models. Copy it?"

"No," said Ray, still straightening petticoats and corset covers. Myrtle

reached out a weary, graceful arm and touched one of the lacy piles adorned with cunning bows of pink and blue to catch the shopping eye.

"Ain't that sweet!" she exclaimed. "I'm crazy about that shadow lace. It's swell under voiles. I wonder if I could take one of them home to copy it."

Ray glanced up. "Oh, that!" she said contemptuously. "That's just a cheap skirt. Only twelve-fifty. Machine-made lace. Imitation embroidery--"

She stopped. She stared a moment at Myrtle with the fixed and wide-eyed gaze of one who does not see.

"What'd I just say to you?"

"Huh?" ejaculated Myrtle, mystified.

"What'd I just say?" repeated Ray.

Myrtle laughed, half understanding. "You said that was a cheap junk skirt at only twelve-fifty, with machine lace and imitation--"

But Ray Willets did not wait to hear the rest. She was off down the aisle toward the elevator marked "Employées." The superintendent's office was on the ninth floor. She stopped there. The grey superintendent was writing at his desk. He did not look up as Ray entered, thus observing rules one and two in the proper conduct of superintendents when interviewing employees. Ray Willets, standing by his desk, did not cough or wriggle or rustle her skirts or sag on one hip. A consciousness of her quiet penetrated the superintendent's mind. He glanced up hurriedly over his left shoulder. Then he laid down his pencil and sat up slowly.

"Oh, it's you!" he said.

"Yes, it's me," replied Ray Willets simply. "I've been here a month to-day."

"Oh, yes." He ran his fingers through his hair so that the brown forelock stood away from the grey. "You've lost some of your roses," he said, and tapped his cheek. "What's the trouble?"

"I guess it's the dress," explained Ray, and glanced down at the folds of her gown. She hesitated a moment awkwardly. "You said you'd send for me at the end of the month. You didn't."

"That's all right," said the grey superintendent. "I was pretty sure I

hadn't made a mistake. I can gauge applicants pretty fairly. Let's see--you're in the lingerie, aren't you?"

"Yes."

Then with a rush: "That's what I want to talk to you about. I've changed my mind. I don't want to stay in the lingerie. I'd like to be transferred to the kitchen utensils and household goods."

"Transferred! Well, I'll see what I can do. What was the name now? I forget."

A queer look stole into Ray Willets' face, a look of determination and shrewdness.

"Name?" she said. "My name is Rachel Wiletzky."

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## **A DEAL IN WHEAT**

from *A Deal in Wheat and Other Stories*, by Frank Norris

EBook #9905

### **I. THE BEAR--WHEAT AT SIXTY-TWO**

As Sam Lewiston backed the horse into the shafts of his backboard and began hitching the tugs to the whiffletree, his wife came out from the kitchen door of the house and drew near, and stood for some time at the horse's head, her arms folded and her apron rolled around them. For a long moment neither spoke. They had talked over the situation so long and so comprehensively the night before that there seemed to be nothing more to say.

The time was late in the summer, the place a ranch in southwestern Kansas, and Lewiston and his wife were two of a vast population of farmers, wheat growers, who at that moment were passing through a crisis--a crisis that at any moment might culminate in tragedy. Wheat was down to sixty-six.

At length Emma Lewiston spoke.

"Well," she hazarded, looking vaguely out across the ranch toward the horizon, leagues distant; "well, Sam, there's always that offer of brother Joe's. We can quit--and go to Chicago--if the worst comes."

"And give up!" exclaimed Lewiston, running the lines through the torets. "Leave the ranch! Give up! After all these years!"

His wife made no reply for the moment. Lewiston climbed into the buckboard and gathered up the lines. "Well, here goes for the last try, Emmie," he said. "Good-by, girl. Maybe things will look better in town to-day."

"Maybe," she said gravely. She kissed her husband good-by and stood for some time looking after the buckboard traveling toward the town in a moving pillar of dust.

"I don't know," she murmured at length; "I don't know just how we're going to make out."

When he reached town, Lewiston tied the horse to the iron railing in front of the Odd Fellows' Hall, the ground floor of which was occupied by the post-office, and went across the street and up the stairway of a building of brick and granite--quite the most pretentious structure of the town--and knocked at a door upon the first landing. The door was furnished with a pane of frosted glass, on which, in gold letters, was inscribed, "Bridges & Co., Grain Dealers."



Bridges himself, a middle-aged man who wore a velvet skull-cap and who was smoking a Pittsburg stogie, met the farmer at the counter and the two exchanged perfunctory greetings.

"Well," said Lewiston, tentatively, after awhile.

"Well, Lewiston," said the other, "I can't take that wheat of yours at any better than sixty-two."

"Sixty-two\_."

"It's the Chicago price that does it, Lewiston. Truslow is bearing the stuff for all he's worth. It's Truslow and the bear clique that stick the knife into us. The price broke again this morning. We've just got a wire."

"Good heavens," murmured Lewiston, looking vaguely from side to side. "That--that ruins me. I \_can't\_ carry my grain any longer--what with storage charges and--and--Bridges, I don't see just how I'm going to make out. Sixty-two cents a bushel! Why, man, what with this and with that it's cost me nearly a dollar a bushel to raise that wheat, and now Truslow--"

He turned away abruptly with a quick gesture of infinite discouragement.

He went down the stairs, and making his way to where his buckboard was hitched, got in, and, with eyes vacant, the reins slipping and sliding in his limp, half-open hands, drove slowly back to the ranch. His wife had seen him coming, and met him as he drew up before the barn.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Emmie," he said as he got out of the buckboard, laying his arm across her shoulder, "Emmie, I guess we'll take up with Joe's offer. We'll go to Chicago. We're cleaned out!"

## II. THE BULL--WHEAT AT A DOLLAR-TEN

...----\_and said Party of the Second Part further covenants and agrees to merchandise such wheat in foreign ports, it being understood and agreed between the Party of the First Part and the Party of the Second Part that the wheat hereinbefore mentioned is released and sold to the Party of the Second Part for export purposes only, and not for consumption or distribution within the boundaries of the United States of America or of Canada\_.

"Now, Mr. Gates, if you will sign for Mr. Truslow I guess that'll be all," remarked Hornung when he had finished reading.

Hornung affixed his signature to the two documents and passed them over to Gates, who signed for his principal and client, Truslow--or, as he had been called ever since he had gone into the fight against Hornung's corner--the Great Bear. Hornung's secretary was called in and witnessed the signatures, and Gates thrust the contract into his Gladstone bag and stood up, smoothing his hat.

"You will deliver the warehouse receipts for the grain," began Gates.

"I'll send a messenger to Truslow's office before noon," interrupted Hornung. "You can pay by certified check through the Illinois Trust people."

When the other had taken himself off, Hornung sat for some moments gazing abstractedly toward his office windows, thinking over the whole matter. He had just agreed to release to Truslow, at the rate of one dollar and ten cents per bushel, one hundred thousand out of the two million and odd bushels of wheat that he, Hornung, controlled, or actually owned. And for the moment he was wondering if, after all, he had done wisely in not going the Great Bear to actual financial death. He had made him pay one hundred thousand dollars. Truslow was good for this amount. Would it not have been better to have put a prohibitive figure on the grain and forced the Bear into bankruptcy? True, Hornung would then be without his enemy's money, but Truslow would have been eliminated from the situation, and that--so Hornung told himself--was always a consummation most devoutly, strenuously and diligently to be striven for. Truslow once dead was dead, but the Bear was never more dangerous than when desperate.

"But so long as he can't get \_wheat\_," muttered Hornung at the end of his reflections, "he can't hurt me. And he can't get it. That I \_know\_."

For Hornung controlled the situation. So far back as the February of that year an "unknown bull" had been making his presence felt on the floor of the Board of Trade. By the middle of March the commercial reports of the daily press had begun to speak of "the powerful bull clique"; a few weeks later that legendary condition of affairs implied and epitomized in the magic words "Dollar Wheat" had been attained, and by the first of April, when the price had been boosted to one dollar and ten cents a bushel, Hornung had disclosed his hand, and in place of mere rumours, the definite and authoritative news that May wheat had been cornered in the Chicago pit went flashing around the world from Liverpool to Odessa and from Duluth to Buenos Ayres.

It was--so the veteran operators were persuaded--Truslow himself who had

made Hornung's corner possible. The Great Bear had for once over-reached himself, and, believing himself all-powerful, had hammered the price just the fatal fraction too far down. Wheat had gone to sixty-two--for the time, and under the circumstances, an abnormal price.

When the reaction came it was tremendous. Hornung saw his chance, seized it, and in a few months had turned the tables, had cornered the product, and virtually driven the bear clique out of the pit.

On the same day that the delivery of the hundred thousand bushels was made to Truslow, Hornung met his broker at his lunch club.

"Well," said the latter, "I see you let go that line of stuff to Truslow."

Hornung nodded; but the broker added:

"Remember, I was against it from the very beginning. I know we've cleared up over a hundred thou'. I would have fifty times preferred to have lost twice that and \_smashed Truslow dead\_. Bet you what you like he makes us pay for it somehow."

"Huh!" grunted his principal. "How about insurance, and warehouse charges, and carrying expenses on that lot? Guess we'd have had to pay those, too, if we'd held on."

But the other put up his chin, unwilling to be persuaded. "I won't sleep easy," he declared, "till Truslow is busted."

### III. THE PIT

Just as Going mounted the steps on the edge of the pit the great gong struck, a roar of a hundred voices developed with the swiftness of successive explosions, the rush of a hundred men surging downward to the centre of the pit filled the air with the stamp and grind of feet, a hundred hands in eager strenuous gestures tossed upward from out the brown of the crowd, the official reporter in his cage on the margin of the pit leaned far forward with straining ear to catch the opening bid, and another day of battle was begun.

Since the sale of the hundred thousand bushels of wheat to Truslow the "Hornung crowd" had steadily shouldered the price higher until on this particular morning it stood at one dollar and a half. That was Hornung's price. No one else had any grain to sell.

But not ten minutes after the opening, Going was surprised out of all countenance to hear shouted from the other side of the pit these words:

"Sell May at one-fifty."

Going was for the moment touching elbows with Kimbark on one side and with Merriam on the other, all three belonging to the "Hornung crowd." Their answering challenge of "\_Sold\_" was as the voice of one man. They did not pause to reflect upon the strangeness of the circumstance. (That was for afterward.) Their response to the offer was as unconscious, as reflex action and almost as rapid, and before the pit was well aware of what had happened the transaction of one thousand bushels was down upon Going's trading-card and fifteen hundred dollars had changed hands. But here was a marvel--the whole available supply of wheat cornered, Hornung master of the situation, invincible, unassailable; yet behold a man willing to sell, a Bear bold enough to raise his head.

"That was Kennedy, wasn't it, who made that offer?" asked Kimbark, as Going noted down the trade--"Kennedy, that new man?"

"Yes; who do you suppose he's selling for; who's willing to go short at this stage of the game?"

"Maybe he ain't short."

"Short! Great heavens, man; where'd he get the stuff?"

"Blamed if I know. We can account for every handful of May. Steady! Oh, there he goes again."

"Sell a thousand May at one-fifty," vociferated the bear-broker, throwing out his hand, one finger raised to indicate the number of "contracts" offered. This time it was evident that he was attacking the Hornung crowd deliberately, for, ignoring the jam of traders that swept toward him, he looked across the pit to where Going and Kimbark were shouting "\_Sold! Sold!\_" and nodded his head.

A second time Going made memoranda of the trade, and either the Hornung holdings were increased by two thousand bushels of May wheat or the Hornung bank account swelled by at least three thousand dollars of some unknown short's money.

Of late--so sure was the bull crowd of its position--no one had even thought of glancing at the inspection sheet on the bulletin board. But now one of Going's messengers hurried up to him with the announcement that this sheet showed receipts at Chicago for that morning of twenty-five thousand bushels, and not credited to Hornung. Some one had got hold of a line of wheat overlooked by the "clique" and was dumping it upon them.

"Wire the Chief," said Going over his shoulder to Merriam. This one struggled out of the crowd, and on a telegraph blank scribbled:

"Strong bear movement--New man--Kennedy--Selling in lots of five contracts--Chicago receipts twenty-five thousand."

The message was despatched, and in a few moments the answer came back, laconic, of military terseness:

"Support the market."

And Going obeyed, Merriam and Kimbark following, the new broker fairly throwing the wheat at them in thousand-bushel lots.

"Sell May at 'fifty; sell May; sell May." A moment's indecision, an instant's hesitation, the first faint suggestion of weakness, and the market would have broken under them. But for the better part of four hours they stood their ground, taking all that was offered, in constant communication with the Chief, and from time to time stimulated and steadied by his brief, unvarying command:

"Support the market."

At the close of the session they had bought in the twenty-five thousand bushels of May. Hornung's position was as stable as a rock, and the price closed even with the opening figure--one dollar and a half.

But the morning's work was the talk of all La Salle Street. Who was back of the raid?

What was the meaning of this unexpected selling? For weeks the pit trading had been merely nominal. Truslow, the Great Bear, from whom the most serious attack might have been expected, had gone to his country seat at Geneva Lake, in Wisconsin, declaring himself to be out of the market entirely. He went bass-fishing every day.

#### IV. THE BELT LINE

On a certain day toward the middle of the month, at a time when the mysterious Bear had unloaded some eighty thousand bushels upon Hornung, a conference was held in the library of Hornung's home. His broker attended it, and also a clean-faced, bright-eyed individual whose name of Cyrus Ryder might have been found upon the pay-roll of a rather well-known detective agency. For upward of half an hour after the conference began the detective spoke, the other two listening attentively, gravely.

"Then, last of all," concluded Ryder, "I made out I was a hobo, and began stealing rides on the Belt Line Railroad. Know the road? It just circles Chicago. Truslow owns it. Yes? Well, then I began to catch on. I noticed that cars of certain numbers--thirty-one nought thirty-four, thirty-two one ninety--well, the numbers don't matter, but anyhow, these cars were always switched onto the sidings by Mr. Truslow's main elevator D soon as they came in. The wheat was shunted in, and they were pulled out again. Well, I spotted one car and stole a ride on her. Say, look here, \_that car went right around the city on the Belt, and came back to D again, and the same wheat in her all the time\_. The grain was reinspected--it was raw, I tell you--and the warehouse receipts made out just as though the stuff had come in from Kansas or Iowa."

"The same wheat all the time!" interrupted Hornung.

"The same wheat--your wheat, that you sold to Truslow."

"Great snakes!" ejaculated Hornung's broker. "Truslow never took it abroad at all."

"Took it abroad! Say, he's just been running it around Chicago, like the supers in 'Shenandoah,' round an' round, so you'd think it was a new lot, an' selling it back to you again."

"No wonder we couldn't account for so much wheat."

"Bought it from us at one-ten, and made us buy it back--our own wheat--at one-fifty."

Hornung and his broker looked at each other in silence for a moment. Then all at once Hornung struck the arm of his chair with his fist and exploded in a roar of laughter. The broker stared for one bewildered moment, then followed his example.

"Sold! Sold!" shouted Hornung almost gleefully. "Upon my soul it's as good as a Gilbert and Sullivan show. And we--Oh, Lord! Billy, shake on it, and hats off to my distinguished friend, Truslow. He'll be President some day. Hey! What? Prosecute him? Not I."

"He's done us out of a neat hatful of dollars for all that," observed the broker, suddenly grave.

"Billy, it's worth the price."

"We've got to make it up somehow."

"Well, tell you what. We were going to boost the price to one seventy-five next week, and make that our settlement figure."

"Can't do it now. Can't afford it."

"No. Here; we'll let out a big link; we'll put wheat at two dollars, and let it go at that."

"Two it is, then," said the broker.

## V. THE BREAD LINE

The street was very dark and absolutely deserted. It was a district on the "South Side," not far from the Chicago River, given up largely to wholesale stores, and after nightfall was empty of all life. The echoes slept but lightly hereabouts, and the slightest footfall, the faintest noise, woke them upon the instant and sent them clamouring up and down the length of the pavement between the iron shuttered fronts. The only light visible came from the side door of a certain "Vienna" bakery, where at one o'clock in the morning loaves of bread were given away to any who should ask. Every evening about nine o'clock the outcasts began to gather about the side door. The stragglers came in rapidly, and the line--the "bread line," as it was called--began to form. By midnight it was usually some hundred yards in length, stretching almost the entire length of the block.

Toward ten in the evening, his coat collar turned up against the fine drizzle that pervaded the air, his hands in his pockets, his elbows gripping his sides, Sam Lewiston came up and silently took his place at the end of the line.

Unable to conduct his farm upon a paying basis at the time when Truslow, the "Great Bear," had sent the price of grain down to sixty-two cents a bushel, Lewiston had turned over his entire property to his creditors, and, leaving Kansas for good, had abandoned farming, and had left his wife at her sister's boarding-house in Topeka with the understanding that she was to join him in Chicago so soon as he had found a steady job. Then he had come to Chicago and had turned workman. His brother Joe conducted a small hat factory on Archer Avenue, and for a time he found there a meager employment. But difficulties had occurred, times were bad, the hat factory was involved in debts, the repealing of a certain import duty on manufactured felt overcrowded the home market with cheap Belgian and French products, and in the end his brother had assigned and gone to Milwaukee.

Thrown out of work, Lewiston drifted aimlessly about Chicago, from pillar to post, working a little, earning here a dollar, there a dime, but always sinking, sinking, till at last the ooze of the lowest bottom dragged at his feet and the rush of the great ebb went over him and

engulfed him and shut him out from the light, and a park bench became his home and the "bread line" his chief makeshift of subsistence.

He stood now in the enfolding drizzle, sodden, stupefied with fatigue. Before and behind stretched the line. There was no talking. There was no sound. The street was empty. It was so still that the passing of a cable-car in the adjoining thoroughfare grated like prolonged rolling explosions, beginning and ending at immeasurable distances. The drizzle descended incessantly. After a long time midnight struck.

There was something ominous and gravely impressive in this interminable line of dark figures, close-pressed, soundless; a crowd, yet absolutely still; a close-packed, silent file, waiting, waiting in the vast deserted night-ridden street; waiting without a word, without a movement, there under the night and under the slow-moving mists of rain.

Few in the crowd were professional beggars. Most of them were workmen, long since out of work, forced into idleness by long-continued "hard times," by ill luck, by sickness. To them the "bread line" was a godsend. At least they could not starve. Between jobs here in the end was something to hold them up--a small platform, as it were, above the sweep of black water, where for a moment they might pause and take breath before the plunge.

The period of waiting on this night of rain seemed endless to those silent, hungry men; but at length there was a stir. The line moved. The side door opened. Ah, at last! They were going to hand out the bread.

But instead of the usual white-aproned under-cook with his crowded hampers there now appeared in the doorway a new man--a young fellow who looked like a bookkeeper's assistant. He bore in his hand a placard, which he tacked to the outside of the door. Then he disappeared within the bakery, locking the door after him.

A shudder of poignant despair, an unformed, inarticulate sense of calamity, seemed to run from end to end of the line. What had happened? Those in the rear, unable to read the placard, surged forward, a sense of bitter disappointment clutching at their hearts.

The line broke up, disintegrated into a shapeless throng--a throng that crowded forward and collected in front of the shut door whereon the placard was affixed. Lewiston, with the others, pushed forward. On the placard he read these words:

"Owing to the fact that the price of grain has been increased to two dollars a bushel, there will be no distribution of bread from this bakery until further notice."



Lewiston turned away, dumb, bewildered. Till morning he walked the streets, going on without purpose, without direction. But now at last his luck had turned. Overnight the wheel of his fortunes had creaked and swung upon its axis, and before noon he had found a job in the street-cleaning brigade. In the course of time he rose to be first shift-boss, then deputy inspector, then inspector, promoted to the dignity of driving in a red wagon with rubber tires and drawing a salary instead of mere wages. The wife was sent for and a new start made.

But Lewiston never forgot. Dimly he began to see the significance of things. Caught once in the cogs and wheels of a great and terrible engine, he had seen--none better--its workings. Of all the men who had vainly stood in the "bread line" on that rainy night in early summer, he, perhaps, had been the only one who had struggled up to the surface again. How many others had gone down in the great ebb? Grim question; he dared not think how many.

He had seen the two ends of a great wheat operation--a battle between Bear and Bull. The stories (subsequently published in the city's press) of Truslow's countermove in selling Hornung his own wheat, supplied the unseen section. The farmer--he who raised the wheat--was ruined upon one hand; the working-man--he who consumed it--was ruined upon the other. But between the two, the great operators, who never saw the wheat they traded in, bought and sold the world's food, gambled in the nourishment of entire nations, practised their tricks, their chicanery and oblique shifty "deals," were reconciled in their differences, and went on through their appointed way, jovial, contented, enthroned, and unassailable.

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**Agatized Rainbows**, by Harold J. Brodrick  
EBook #51068

"Oh ranger, please! Just one itzy bitzy piece of petrified wood to take home to show my boy friend. You won't miss just one teeny weeny piece."

Holding in his hand an assortment of specimens of petrified wood which he had just retrieved from the young lady driving the flashy convertible, the Highway 260 checking station ranger at Petrified Forest National Monument shook his head with a wry smile. "Sorry, lady, but the rules say 'It is unlawful to injure, destroy, or remove specimens of petrified wood of any size whatsoever found within the monument boundary \* \* \*,' and my job is to see that this and other regulations are obeyed. You're right, we would never miss these few pieces if you took them home with you, but they belong to the people of the United States, and if everyone of the 350,000 visitors who come here each year took away only a few specimens, as you wish to do, in a very few years there wouldn't be any left. It's my job, as representative of the people of this country, to see that there will always be this great natural display of petrified wood here where it was formed."

As the young lady drove off with a gay wave of her hand and "I think you're mean" tossed over her shoulder, the ranger turned to us with a rueful smile. "Happens every day," he said. "You can't blame people for wanting to take home a souvenir of the Petrified Forest, and the stuff is so pretty that kids, especially, just can't help but want to pack it off. And, with so much of it here, it's hard for them to understand that it would soon be gone, particularly along the roads and trails, if everyone carried off a handful or two."

We agreed with the ranger that it is hard to understand, until it is explained that such enormous quantities of petrified wood as are strewn over hundreds of acres in Petrified Forest National Monument could be entirely removed in a few years by souvenir-hungry American tourists. "But where," we inquired, "do these roadside stands all along Highway 66 get the huge piles of petrified wood which they offer for sale? Surely the National Park Service doesn't permit them to haul it off the monument by the truckload."

"Oh no," grinned the ranger. "All of that 'for-sale' wood comes from private lands. The national monument preserves and protects only the largest and most colorful deposits of petrified wood; but it is found in many places throughout northeastern Arizona."

The impatient toot of an automobile horn informed us that we were blocking traffic, so we thanked the ranger and continued on our way. However, the interesting conversation aroused our curiosity, and at the first opportunity we returned to the Petrified Forest to learn more

about the occurrence of petrified wood, and how Uncle Sam, through the National Park Service, keeps the wood from being carried off by souvenir collectors, and how the fascinating story of wood petrification is told to visitors who take a little time to visit the monument museum at the Rainbow Forest headquarters of the superintendent. This is the way the naturalists tell it.

Believe it or not, it was the threat of souvenir hunters and raids on the fields of petrified wood by commercial jewelers, gem collectors, and abrasive manufacturers in the late 1890's and early 1900's that led thoughtful citizens of the then Arizona Territory to petition Congress for the establishment of some sort of a protectorate for the Petrified Forest. In the vicinity of the Agate Bridge and what is now known as the First Forest, enterprising abrasive makers set up a stamp mill to pulverize the great blocks of petrified wood which they found there. Here, also, many of the logs were dynamited in the search for quartz and amethyst crystals which some of them contained.

As a result of the petition by citizens of Arizona Territory, and in response to requests by other groups in the Southwest that steps be taken to protect great cliff dwellings and other prehistoric Indian remains which were being systematically pothunted and looted, Congress passed the Antiquities Act. This authority enabled President Theodore Roosevelt on December 8, 1906, to issue a proclamation establishing Petrified Forest National Monument for the protection and preservation of one of the world's most colorful and extensive concentrations of petrified wood "for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."

Northeastern Arizona is not the only area known to contain petrified wood, for it has been found in nearly every State and in foreign countries as well. Visitors from distant States are frequently surprised to discover, from a map in the monument's museum, that petrified wood is to be found near their own homes. It is, however, the large amount of the wood in such beautiful and varied colors that makes this Petrified Forest outstanding and worthy of being protected as an area of national significance.

We do not know for certain which of the early travelers was the first to see the great display of petrified wood of northern Arizona. Spanish explorers may have seen it during the 1500's, since they viewed and named the Painted Desert (Desierto Pintado), but no written account has been located that gives any indication that they noticed the wood. In fact, the earliest written report on record was not made until 1851. In that year, Lieutenant Sitgreaves, an Army officer, explored parts of northern Arizona and mentioned the petrified wood in his reports. In 1853, an Army expedition led by Lieutenant Whipple visited the present monument area, camping near the Black Forest.

It was not until the 1880's that settlement of this part of the Arizona territory really got under way with completion of the Santa Fe Railroad across it in 1883. Word about the petrified wood spread, and it was not long until the destructive activities were started.

The six separate "forests" within the monument are areas of the greatest concentration of petrified logs and have been named the First, Second, Third, Black, Rainbow, and Blue Forests. The latter was given its name because of the bluish color of much of the badlands formation in which the wood is found. There is not a great deal of difference in the wood found in the other locations, so they were apparently named by early residents in order to distinguish one location from the other.

Fortunately, this monument is easily accessible since it is crossed by two main highways, thus giving visitors to northern Arizona an excellent opportunity to enjoy the beauties of this unusual work of nature. The National Park Service of the United States Department of the Interior has been entrusted with the responsibility of protecting and administering this and all of the other national monuments and parks forming America's National Park System. It is the responsibility of all the people, as owners of these outstanding national values, to help the Service keep the wonders of this and other parks and monuments intact for the enjoyment of future generations.

Because of the name "Petrified Forest," many people who have read of it expect to find trees "turned to stone" and standing upright just as they grew. Actually, geologists who have studied the area very carefully do not believe that many of the living trees grew in this particular location, for all of the evidence indicates that fallen timber from forests a considerable distance away was carried here by flood waters of ancient streams and stranded and buried in the mud and shallows of lagoons and marshes.

During the latter part of what geologists call the Triassic period, about 160 to 170 million years ago, most of northeastern Arizona was apparently an extensive flood plain; low, flat, and swampy. Numerous streams, some of them quite large, flowed out from the surrounding low hills into the plain. These streams brought enormous quantities of sediments; mud, sand, and other minerals, spreading it out layer upon layer as they shifted their flow back and forth just as on present river deltas. These sediments contained huge amounts of volcanic ash which the streams apparently picked up near their sources. This ash was largely silica, the mineral which was later to be of major importance in the petrification of the wood. (Silica ( $\text{SiO}_2$ ) is the oxide of silicon, a non-metallic element making up 28 per cent of the earth's crust. The crystal form of silica is quartz, the commonest of all minerals, which is found in large amounts in many volcanic rocks.)

The flood plain was broken by an occasional ridge or high spot, apparently tree-covered, as a few petrified stumps with partial root systems have been found in the locations where they apparently grew. However, most of the trees grew in forests on the low hills through which these rivers flowed, anywhere from a few miles to 50 or 100 miles or more to the west and southwest of the present national monument. These trees died from various causes, just as trees of our modern times do. Fire, wind, insects, diseases, and other causes all took their toll. Many trees probably decayed in the forest where they fell, but others were picked up by flood waters and were eventually transported by the streams to the flood plain there to become stranded with hundreds of others and to be covered by the sediments brought in by the streams.

This transportation theory is based on several types of evidence. In the first place, the logs have been stripped of much of their original roots and limbs, and practically all of the bark has disappeared. The logs present a worn appearance, an indication of having received rough treatment. Also, very few traces of cones or foliage have been located, although the fossil remains of more than 30 species of fragile ferns, cycads, rushes, and other plants that grew in the marshes of the ancient flood plain have been found. The direction of the original drainage into this area has been established by tracing the source of the Permian gravels which are deposited here.

The deposition of these sediments over the plain continued until a layer about 400 feet thick was built up during the centuries. This deposit is now known geologically as the "Chinle Formation." One of the principal materials found in the Chinle is Bentonite, originally a volcanic ash which the streams brought. It has since decomposed into a clay-like soil which is very porous and spongy and which readily absorbs water and expands. When becoming very wet, it turns into a bluish mud and is washed away. Erosion of this Bentonite and other materials deposited with it forms the badlands area now seen on portions of the monument and in the Painted Desert. During the ages when the original layers of mud, sand, and silt were being deposited, many of the logs were washed in and buried at various levels with this Chinle material.

While all of this was slowly taking place, the land mass over this part of the continent was gradually subsiding. It continued to settle during the next geological period of millions of years, and layer after layer of sediments were washed in and deposited on top of it. Then during the next geological (Cretaceous) period, a long arm of a sea flooded this part of the country. Marine deposits accumulated on the bottom of the sea until finally the Chinle Formation containing the buried logs was covered by 3,000 feet or more of other deposits.

At the close of Cretaceous time, about 60 million years ago, uplift of the present Rocky Mountain system commenced. The basin in which the

Petrified Forest lay buried rose with it. This gradual rising movement has continued intermittently nearly to the present time.

This uplift brought with it the activity of erosion which has continued through the ages until finally almost all of the 3,000 feet of upper layers of material have been washed away, and the many logs, that had once been so deeply buried, have again been exposed on the surface; but now as hard, colorful stone. Erosion continued to carry the soil away from the petrified logs, exposing more and more of them. As forces of erosion lowered the surface of the ground little by little, the petrified logs, too hard to be affected, settled with it, eventually accumulating with sections of other logs that had been buried on a lower level. Thus, the present surface of the ground is rather thickly covered, in many spots, with wood that was originally scattered through approximately the upper 100 feet of this Chinle Formation. In the vicinity of the Rainbow and Third Forest, at least, about 300 feet more of this formation still remains. So far as we know, wood is to be found throughout this entire layer. Therefore, theoretically at least, it may be said that 25 per cent of the petrified wood that is here is visible on the surface, the rest still remaining buried below.

Three species of trees have been found here in petrified form. The most common one is an Araucarian Pine (*Araucarioxylon Arizonicum*), a primitive member of the pine family. This species became extinct long ago, but there are still several species of modern *Araucaria* native to South America, Australia, New Zealand, and other South Pacific islands which are apparently very similar to this ancient form. Some of the modern types have been imported to this country and are used for ornamental purposes in certain locations in Florida and along the Pacific coast. The most common ones are known as the "Monkey Puzzle Tree" and "Norfolk Island Pine." Claims made by roadside stand operators along Highway 66 that the petrified wood offered for sale is "beach walnut," "cactus," etc., have no basis in fact.

Two other types of petrified wood are found here in smaller amounts. These are the *Woodworthia Arizonica*, a cone-bearing tree somewhat similar to the *Araucaria* and the *Schilderia Adamanica*, a tree with peculiar radiating rays in the wood. Paleontologists are not sure where this latter kind belongs in systematic plant classification. What happened during the millenniums that the logs lay buried in their Chinle tombs?

How did these trees turn to stone? Most of our text books tell us that the petrification of wood is a replacement process. Bit by bit, water removed wood tissue and in its place left a mineral deposit in exactly the same form as the original, so that when the process had been completed there was no wood left but in its place an exact stone duplicate. This theory was accepted for a very long time, but recently

some scientists were not satisfied with it because certain chemical actions that would have to occur during such a process were difficult to explain.

Just prior to 1940, several scientists investigated the process, and from their findings decided that the wood was not petrified by \_replacement\_ but by the \_infiltration\_ of mineral-bearing water into the wood and the deposition of this mineral in the air spaces within the wood tissue. This process, they believe, continued until all of the microscopic spaces in the wood were filled solid with this deposit and the petrified log, composed of 98 per cent by volume of mineral deposit and 2 per cent cellulose and lignin wood tissue, was the result. The original wood tissue acted, they think, as a framework to hold the mineral deposit like the walls of a building would act if the rooms and spaces between the walls were filled in solid with liquid concrete. This accounts for retention of the cell structure, annual rings, and other features of the original wood. The petrification of wood has never been studied sufficiently, and there are many questions for which satisfactory answers have not yet been advanced.

Although woods in different localities have been petrified by other minerals, the most common is silica. In the case of this petrified wood, the silica was deposited in an agatized non-crystalline form. The normal color of the silica without mineral stain is a white or gray. Sometimes small amounts of other minerals were in the solution along with silica, or in some cases were brought in during the millions of years of burial as a secondary deposit in the cracks, checks, or other openings in the petrified or partially petrified wood. Iron oxides in small quantities produced the great variety of shades of red, brown, and yellow. The black color in most cases is due to manganese oxide or carbon. Thus, the combination of minerals produced a rainbow of colors in the agatized wood.

Whenever there were small checked places, cracks, or hollows in the wood, we find that they are often either filled or lined with quartz crystals or occasionally with amethyst crystals.

The term "chalcedony" (pronounced kal-sed'-nee) is a broad one usually applied to any compact mass of silica free of definite color pattern, but it is also frequently used to describe all forms of silica whether translucent or opaque, and regardless of color. Agate, therefore, may be considered a variegated chalcedony. Agate is translucent and has a definite color or pattern. Jasper is opaque and may be either red, brown, yellow, blue, or green in color. Quartz minerals are harder than most types of steel, and there are only about 30 other minerals that exceed it in hardness. In the mineral scale of hardness, quartz is rated at 7 and diamond, the hardest of all, at 10. Petrified wood weighs about 166 pounds per cubic foot.

“Who sawed these trees” is one of the questions visitors frequently ask. It is a natural query because most of the logs are cracked into sections, in many instances of rather uniform length, and each broken face is smooth enough to appear almost like a saw cut. At first glance this does give the impression that someone, possibly a Paul Bunyan with an enormous diamond-toothed saw, had cut the logs into “stove wood” lengths. Although there may be some differences of opinion about how this fracturing occurred, the present explanation by scientists is that most of this breakage took place during the period of uplift of this section of the country. The gradual movement and elevation of the earth’s crust caused numerous earthquakes. The shock waves of the tremblor traveling through the earth set up vibrations which caused the deeply buried, brittle, petrified logs to crack. The harmonic vibrations created by the rhythm of the regular shock waves caused the cracks to be rather regularly spaced. At first these cracks were tiny, but centuries later, after the logs were exposed on the surface, the weathering actions and the shifting and settling of the soil beneath them caused the cracks to widen and eventually the fractured sections separated. Occasionally breakage may also occur when soil washes out from under one end of a log and its weight causes it to sag and crack. The normal fracture line of this material is at right angles to the lineal axis, and the rather smooth face causes the broken surface to appear much like a saw cut.

Polished wood sections that are exhibited in the Rainbow Forest Museum show to best advantage the varied color pattern of this petrified wood. The piece is first cut with either a diamond or carborundum saw. Then the sawed face is ground as smooth as possible on carborundum wheels of different grits. When ground sufficiently smooth, the final polish is given the surface with hard felt buffing wheels and a polishing compound. Due to the hardness of the petrified wood, it takes about an hour to cut and polish a square inch, hence is an expensive process. Some of the most colorful or “picture wood” specimens make very attractive and durable settings for rings, pins, and other jewelry.

Fossil remains of many forms of animal life that existed here during Triassic times also are found in the Chinle deposits with the petrified wood. Some parts of skeletons were mineralized and preserved in much the same manner as was the wood. The animals which lived where the trees accumulated were forms that normally inhabited muddy, marshy river bottoms, another indication of the type of environment here during that long-gone age.

Largest of these animals was the Phytosaur, a crocodile-like reptile about 18 feet long and weighing nearly a ton. Nostrils were located on top of the head. These reptiles were omnivorous feeders, and with their webbed feet and long flattened tails were at home either on land or in



the water. The Phytosaur was a distant relative of the Dinosaur but became extinct before the Dinosaur reached its peak of development.

Another inhabitant of the swampy lowlands where ancient logs were stranded was the Stegocephalian, a primitive amphibian related to modern salamanders, or mud puppies, but of huge size. They were heavy, flattened creatures from six to nine feet long and probably weighed about 500 to 600 pounds. Their legs were very short, and they moved about by dragging themselves over the swampy ground, probably being carnivorous feeders. The skull was almost completely solid and had openings only for the nostrils, eyes, and a peculiar third eye in the top which probably was capable of distinguishing movement or light, but not color.

Several types of fishes, amphibians, and small reptiles probably lived along the streams and in the quiet pools of those ancient marshes. Among them were lung-fishes whose teeth or "dental plates" are now found scattered through the badlands of the Petrified Forest.

Large rushes, or horsetails, bordered the streams and matted the swamps. Their hollow stems grew to eight and ten inches in diameter and 30 to 40 feet tall. At each joint were whorls of slender branches. Large, broad-leaved ferns formed a striking contrast with the delicate foliage of the seed fern types. Club mosses probably grew in small clusters in sheltered places along the banks of the streams and pools.

How different this scene of millions of years ago was from our present-day landscape and modern plant and animal life. The climate must have been at least sub-tropical then; today it is semi-arid.

In contrast to the plants and animals of those Triassic times living in swamps and marshes, we now have plants and animals that are able to exist with a minimum of moisture. The present ground-cover is seldom over three or four feet high, but includes a wide variety of plants ranging from very small flowering herbs to the several species of gray-foliaged salt brush and other shrubs. With suitable moisture, the spring and fall wildflower displays are often very showy. The early blooms of the chimaya, phacelia, and the large, white, evening primroses are soon followed by desert mallow; vetch; a small white daisy-like Fleabane; the large yellow tulip-like flowers of the mariposa or sego lily; and as the season advances, the paint brush; asters; snake weed; golden aster; rabbit brush; and many others.

In contrast to the sluggish reptiles and amphibians in the Triassic, we now have the fleet pronghorn (American Antelope); occasional coyotes and bobcats, porcupine, prairie dogs, rabbits, and many of the smaller rodents. Several species of harmless snakes and an occasional rattlesnake; slender, striped, long-tailed race runner lizards; scaled

lizards, and the bright, green-backed, yellow-footed Bailey Collared Lizard which frequently brings visitors hurrying in to inquire if it is poisonous. It isn't!

Several species of birds such as the Desert Horned Larks and rock wrens make this their permanent home while many other species ranging in size from the tiny Allan Hummingbird to the mighty golden eagle either stay here during various parts of the year, or pass through in the spring and fall migrations.

Intermixed with the surface deposits of petrified wood and other remnants of the ancient Triassic time are the much more recent remains of early men. Ruins of their homes, fragments of their handiwork, and examples of their arts are to be found in many locations.

These people were pre-Columbian Pueblo Indians, ancestors of our modern Pueblo Indians, and of the same type that inhabited the other pueblo and cliff-dwelling sites in the Southwest. It is probable that there was considerable trading carried on between the people of this area and those at other locations, since many of the same pottery types are found throughout.

This somewhat desolate region was apparently fairly densely populated by little groups of farming Indians. With no survey or study of the monument area having been made, more than 300 ruin sites have been located and there are many others nearby. These ruins of stone buildings are usually from one to a few rooms in size. However, one ruin near the Puerco River Ranger Station is estimated to have had about 125 or more rooms. It is built in the form of a hollow square about 180 feet by 230 feet, around a plaza about 130 by 185 feet. Probably two stories in height, it could have housed nearly a hundred families.

A study of the pottery fragments from each site helps us to tell the approximate time that the particular site was occupied. This time varies from about 500 or 600 A.D. to 1400 A.D., some being used over a longer period than others.

In most cases, the buildings were constructed of pieces of sandstone, but in a few instances the Indians had an eye for color and used pieces of petrified wood which made a very substantial as well as colorful building. "Agate House" in the south part of the Third Forest is one example of such construction. This was partially reconstructed in 1934 in the early Pueblo style by the use of chunks of petrified wood from the heap of the ruins. Indians also used the petrified wood for making arrow-points and other tools and weapons.

These people practiced agriculture, cultivating corn, pumpkins, and beans. They probably wore simple clothing made of cotton cloth or the

skins of wild animals. They also made pottery.

Tree-ring studies show that there was a great drought from 1275 to 1299 A.D. This apparently caused a great deal of shifting around among the Pueblo people. Only a few villages in the Petrified Forest area were occupied during the fourteenth century. It is not known whether the people were driven out by the predatory Apaches or because of the drought.

Where did these Indians get water? While there probably has not been any marked change in climate or rainfall since that time, there may have been more springs and seeps along the cliffs. It is possible that these failed during that great drought period.

Pottery designs of these early Indians show an artistic talent, further indicated by the many petroglyphs on the sandstone cliffs and boulders throughout the area. A petroglyph is a picture or design carved or pecked in the face of a rock. These pictures are of figures, geometric patterns, and symbols in many cases similar to those found on the pottery. Some represent hands, feet, human figures and shapes of mammals, birds, or lizards. These appear to be simply a collection of drawings made by various Indians over a period of time. In some cases, they were clan symbols, each passerby adding his own much like a visitor's register such as we have today or a collection of initials or names unthinking people carve on trees or scratch on rocks. Unfortunately an occasional person nowadays, thoughtless of those that follow, either destroys this ancient art work or defaces it by adding his name or initials to those of an earlier man. "Newspaper Rock" is the most spectacular group of petroglyphs found on the monument.

Homes and tribal lands of modern Indians are located in areas to the south, east, and north of Petrified Forest National Monument—homes that were established in some cases before the first Spanish explorer entered the Southwest.

To the south in the White Mountains are the Apaches. Apparently both the Apache and the Navajo entered the Southwest only a short time before the Spaniards came. Being nomads and predatory in nature, they soon struck terror in the hearts of the peaceful Pueblo people and caused many of them to abandon their homes to seek more secluded and protected sites.

To the east are the Zuni, a Pueblo people that some of the early occupants of the Petrified Forest may have joined. When the Spaniards came, these Zuni were living in seven pueblos that became known as the historic "Seven Cities of Cibola."

To the north are the Navajo and Hopi peoples. Arizona's famous Painted Desert forms a long curving border to the Navajo Reservation—a border

extending from near the New Mexico line westward to the Colorado River northwest of Cameron. A spectacular portion of it lies in the northern part of Petrified Forest National Monument.

The Painted Desert is a colorful, often fantastically eroded badlands of Bentonitic beds stained with shades of red, orange, yellow, blue, purple, and brown by iron minerals. Arid or semi-arid with only a sparse vegetative cover, these soft beds are subject to rapid erosion during Arizona's season of torrential rains.

The Painted Desert formed a barrier behind which the early Hopi people withdrew to establish their famed mesa-top villages, including Oraibi which has been continuously occupied since about 350 years before the discovery of America. These people still live in their several mesa-top villages, their reservation surrounded by that of the Navajo, their former enemies, who now lead a peaceful, semi-nomadic life.

There is much more to the fascinating story of the Petrified Forest as told to us by naturalists of the national monument. Few visitors take time from their mad rush to "get somewhere quickly" to make the effort to understand the intricate and devious ways of Nature, of which "Time is the essence," resulting in the spectacular and brilliant display, this glittering jewel of the desert, the Petrified Forest. Stopping only long enough to marvel briefly, many of them feel the urge to take something with them, some concrete reminder of the colorful scene, some bits of petrified wood. Those who successfully "get past" the checking station ranger with their illicit souvenirs usually lose these trinkets, or find them turned to sharp goads which prod their consciences in later years. How fortunate those visitors who, at the expense of an hour or so of time, gain an understanding of what lies behind the scenery at the Petrified Forest, thereby developing an appreciation of the work of Nature and of God as exemplified here. These people take with them, not merely a souvenir, but an experience which they will treasure and enjoy throughout the remainder of their lives.

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## Sixth Day: Jesus, a Man of the People

from *The Social Principles of Jesus* by Walter Rauschenbusch

Ebook #29912

And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and came unto Bethphage, unto the mount of Olives, then Jesus sent two disciples, saying unto them, Go into the village that is over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her: loose them, and bring them unto me. And if any one say aught unto you, ye shall say, The Lord hath need of them; and straightway he will send them. Now this is come to pass, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken through the prophet, saying,

Tell ye the daughter of Zion,  
Behold, thy King cometh unto thee,  
Meek, and riding upon an ass,  
And upon a colt the foal of an ass.

And the disciples went, and did even as Jesus appointed them, and brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their garments; and he sat thereon. And the most part of the multitude spread their garments in the way; and others cut branches from the trees, and spread them in the way. And the multitudes that went before him, and that followed, cried saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest. And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was stirred, saying, Who is this? And the multitudes said, This is the prophet, Jesus, from Nazareth of Galilee.—Matt. 21:1-11.

Here was a democratic procession! No caparisoned charger, but a burro—though a young and frisky one, carefully selected—no military escort with a brass band and a drum major, but a throng of peasants, shouting the psalms of their fathers and the hope of a good time coming; no costly rugs to carpet the way of the King, but the sweat-stained garments of working people and branches wrenched off by Galilæan fists. What was he, this King of the future, ridiculous or sublime?

If Jesus is ever to make his entry into the spiritual sovereignty of humanity, will the social classes line up as they did at Jerusalem?

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## Michael

from *Seeing Things at Night*, by Heywood Broun

EBook #35793

The man who gave us Michael said that he was a Shetland terrier. Frankly, I don't believe there is any such thing; unless Michael is it. But there is no denying a Scotch strain of some sort. There is a good deal of John Knox about Michael. He recognizes no middle ground. There was no difficulty, for instance, in convincing Michael of the wickedness of some manifestations of the grossness which is mortality, but it has been impossible to make him accept any working compromise such as those by which men and dogs live. He can see no reason why there should be any geographical limits or bounds to badness.

There is a certain fierce democracy in that. Michael thinks no less of a backyard or a sidewalk than he does of a parlor. Or perhaps it would be better to say he thinks no more of a parlor. Repentance comes to him more easily than reformation. And yet I have an enormous respect for Michael's point of view as I understand it. He doesn't want to burn, of course, but he has no patience with dogs who blandly hope to attain salvation by leading lamp-post lives.

In some things I would have Michael more practical. That man who brought him here said that his father was an excellent mouser. I have come to wonder whether the legitimacy of Michael is beyond question. Doubt struck me the other day in the kitchen when I saw an over-venturesome mouse clinging precariously to a window curtain and swinging back and forth not more than a foot from the ground.

"Look, Michael," I said, "it's a mouse!"

I tried to say it with the same intensity as "Voila un sousmarin!" or "It's gold, pardner!" or something of the sort, but Michael looked at my finger instead of the mouse and wagged his tail. He backed away from me playfully and bounced around a little and barked. Indeed, he backed into the curtain and the tail of the mouse went swish, swish across his back, but Michael continued to wag. I have some little hope that this particular mouse will not come back for a time. He was visibly terrified, but of course it would be impossible to predict any permanent condition of shock. At any rate, by a supreme effort he mastered his panic. Wrenching himself loose from the curtain, he jumped and landed on Michael's back. Then he hopped to the floor and disappeared behind the potato barrel. Michael sat down slowly and scratched himself.

Last week I thought I detected a real fusion of Michael's undoubted idealism and direct practical action. Somebody brought \_The New York American\_ into the house and left it on the floor. When I came in I

found that Michael had torn it to shreds. He had been particularly severe with the editorial page. I patted him and gave him some warm milk. To-day I discovered he had mutilated a third edition of \_The Tribune\_. And upon inquiry I learned that he would chew almost anything except \_The New Republic\_. His teeth are not quite sharp enough for such heavy paper yet. It is just possible that there is some more subtle reason for the exception. Sometimes I think that Michael has a "New Republic" mind.

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## MY DISREPUTABLE FRIEND, MR. RAEGEN

from *Gallegher and Other Stories*, by Richard Harding Davis

EBook #5956

Rags Raegen was out of his element. The water was his proper element--the water of the East River by preference. And when it came to "running the roofs," as he would have himself expressed it, he was "not in it."

On those other occasions when he had been followed by the police, he had raced them toward the river front and had dived boldly in from the wharf, leaving them staring blankly and in some alarm as to his safety. Indeed, three different men in the precinct, who did not know of young Raegen's aquatic prowess, had returned to the station-house and seriously reported him to the sergeant as lost, and regretted having driven a citizen into the river, where he had been unfortunately drowned. It was even told how, on one occasion, when hotly followed, young Raegen had dived off Wakeman's Slip, at East Thirty-third Street, and had then swum back under water to the landing-steps, while the policeman and a crowd of stevedores stood watching for him to reappear where he had sunk. It is further related that he had then, in a spirit of recklessness, and in the possibility of the policeman's failing to recognize him, pushed his way through the crowd from the rear and plunged in to rescue the supposedly drowned man. And that after two or three futile attempts to find his own corpse, he had climbed up on the dock and told the officer that he had touched the body sticking in the mud. And, as a result of this fiction, the river-police dragged the river-bed around Wakeman's Slip with grappling irons for four hours, while Rags sat on the wharf and directed their movements.

But on this present occasion the police were standing between him and the river, and so cut off his escape in that direction, and as they had seen him strike McGonegal and had seen McGonegal fall, he had to run for it and seek refuge on the roofs. What made it worse was that he was not in his own hunting-grounds, but in McGonegal's, and while any tenement on Cherry Street would have given him shelter, either for love of him or fear of him, these of Thirty-third Street were against him and "all that Cherry Street gang," while "Pike" McGonegal was their darling and their hero. And, if Rags had known it, any tenement on the block was better than Case's, into which he first turned, for Case's was empty and untenanted, save in one or two rooms, and the opportunities for dodging from one to another were in consequence very few. But he could not know this, and so he plunged into the dark hall-way and sprang up the first four flights of stairs, three steps at a jump, with one arm stretched out in front of him, for it was very dark and the turns were short. On the fourth floor he fell headlong over a bucket with a broom sticking in it, and cursed whoever left it there. There was a ladder leading from



the sixth floor to the roof, and he ran up this and drew it after him as he fell forward out of the wooden trap that opened on the flat tin roof like a companion-way of a ship. The chimneys would have hidden him, but there was a policeman's helmet coming up from another companion-way, and he saw that the Italians hanging out of the windows of the other tenements were pointing at him and showing him to the officer. So he hung by his hands and dropped back again. It was not much of a fall, but it jarred him, and the race he had already run had nearly taken his breath from him. For Rags did not live a life calculated to fit young men for sudden trials of speed.

He stumbled back down the narrow stairs, and, with a vivid recollection of the bucket he had already fallen upon, felt his way cautiously with his hands and with one foot stuck out in front of him. If he had been in his own bailiwick, he would have rather enjoyed the tense excitement of the chase than otherwise, for there he was at home and knew all the cross-cuts and where to find each broken paling in the roof-fences, and all the traps in the roofs. But here he was running in a maze, and what looked like a safe passage-way might throw him head on into the outstretched arms of the officers.

And while he felt his way his mind was terribly acute to the fact that as yet no door on any of the landings had been thrown open to him, either curiously or hospitably as offering a place of refuge. He did not want to be taken, but in spite of this he was quite cool, and so, when he heard quick, heavy footsteps beating up the stairs, he stopped himself suddenly by placing one hand on the side of the wall and the other on the banister and halted, panting. He could distinguish from below the high voices of women and children and excited men in the street, and as the steps came nearer he heard some one lowering the ladder he had thrown upon the roof to the sixth floor and preparing to descend. "Ah!" snarled Raegen, panting and desperate, "youse think you have me now, sure, don't you?" It rather frightened him to find the house so silent, for, save the footsteps of the officers, descending and ascending upon him, he seemed to be the only living person in all the dark, silent building.

He did not want to fight.

He was under heavy bonds already to keep the peace, and this last had surely been in self-defence, and he felt he could prove it. What he wanted now was to get away, to get back to his own people and to lie hidden in his own cellar or garret, where they would feed and guard him until the trouble was over. And still, like the two ends of a vise, the representatives of the law were closing in upon him. He turned the knob of the door opening to the landing on which he stood, and tried to push it in, but it was locked. Then he stepped quickly to the door on the opposite side and threw his shoulder against it. The door opened, and

he stumbled forward sprawling. The room in which he had taken refuge was almost bare, and very dark; but in a little room leading from it he saw a pile of tossed-up bedding on the floor, and he dived at this as though it was water, and crawled far under it until he reached the wall beyond, squirming on his face and stomach, and flattening out his arms and legs. Then he lay motionless, holding back his breath, and listening to the beating of his heart and to the footsteps on the stairs. The footsteps stopped on the landing leading to the outer room, and he could hear the murmur of voices as the two men questioned one another. Then the door was kicked open, and there was a long silence, broken sharply by the click of a revolver.

"Maybe he's in there," said a bass voice. The men stamped across the floor leading into the dark room in which he lay, and halted at the entrance. They did not stand there over a moment before they turned and moved away again; but to Raegen, lying with blood-vessels choked, and with his hand pressed across his mouth, it seemed as if they had been contemplating and enjoying his agony for over an hour. "I was in this place not more than twelve hours ago," said one of them easily. "I come in to take a couple out for fighting. They were yelling 'murder' and 'police,' and breaking things; but they went quiet enough. The man is a stevedore, I guess, and him and his wife used to get drunk regular and carry on up here every night or so. They got thirty days on the Island."

"Who's taking care of the rooms?" asked the bass voice. The first voice said he guessed "no one was," and added: "There ain't much to take care of, that I can see." "That's so," assented the bass voice. "Well," he went on briskly, "he's not here; but he's in the building, sure, for he put back when he seen me coming over the roof. And he didn't pass me, neither, I know that, anyway," protested the bass voice. Then the bass voice said that he must have slipped into the flat below, and added something that Raegen could not hear distinctly, about Schaffer on the roof, and their having him safe enough, as that red-headed cop from the Eighteenth Precinct was watching on the street. They closed the door behind them, and their footsteps clattered down the stairs, leaving the big house silent and apparently deserted. Young Raegen raised his head, and let his breath escape with a great gasp of relief, as when he had been a long time under water, and cautiously rubbed the perspiration out of his eyes and from his forehead. It had been a cruelly hot, close afternoon, and the stifling burial under the heavy bedding, and the excitement, had left him feverishly hot and trembling. It was already growing dark outside, although he could not know that until he lifted the quilts an inch or two and peered up at the dirty window-panes. He was afraid to rise, as yet, and flattened himself out with an impatient sigh, as he gathered the bedding over his head again and held back his breath to listen. There may have been a minute or more of absolute silence in which he lay there, and then his blood froze to ice in his veins, his breath stopped, and he heard, with a quick gasp of terror,

the sound of something crawling toward him across the floor of the outer room. The instinct of self-defence moved him first to leap to his feet, and to face and fight it, and then followed as quickly a foolish sense of safety in his hiding-place; and he called upon his greatest strength, and, by his mere brute will alone, forced his forehead down to the bare floor and lay rigid, though his nerves jerked with unknown, unreasoning fear. And still he heard the sound of this living thing coming creeping toward him until the instinctive terror that shook him overcame his will, and he threw the bed-clothes from him with a hoarse cry, and sprang up trembling to his feet, with his back against the wall, and with his arms thrown out in front of him wildly, and with the willingness in them and the power in them to do murder.

The room was very dark, but the windows of the one beyond let in a little stream of light across the floor, and in this light he saw moving toward him on its hands and knees a little baby who smiled and nodded at him with a pleased look of recognition and kindly welcome.

The fear upon Raegen had been so strong and the reaction was so great that he dropped to a sitting posture on the heap of bedding and laughed long and weakly, and still with a feeling in his heart that this apparition was something strangely unreal and menacing.

{Illustration with caption: He sprang up trembling to his feet.}

But the baby seemed well pleased with his laughter, and stopped to throw back its head and smile and coo and laugh gently with him as though the joke was a very good one which they shared in common. Then it struggled solemnly to its feet and came pattering toward him on a run, with both bare arms held out, and with a look of such confidence in him, and welcome in its face, that Raegen stretched out his arms and closed the baby's fingers fearfully and gently in his own.

He had never seen so beautiful a child. There was dirt enough on its hands and face, and its torn dress was soiled with streaks of coal and ashes. The dust of the floor had rubbed into its bare knees, but the face was like no other face that Rags had ever seen. And then it looked at him as though it trusted him, and just as though they had known each other at some time long before, but the eyes of the baby somehow seemed to hurt him so that he had to turn his face away, and when he looked again it was with a strangely new feeling of dissatisfaction with himself and of wishing to ask pardon. They were wonderful eyes, black and rich, and with a deep superiority of knowledge in them, a knowledge that seemed to be above the knowledge of evil; and when the baby smiled at him, the eyes smiled too with confidence and tenderness in them that in some way frightened Rags and made him move uncomfortably. "Did you know that youse scared me so that I was going to kill you?" whispered Rags, apologetically, as he carefully held the baby from him at arm's

length. "Did you?" But the baby only smiled at this and reached out its hand and stroked Rag's cheek with its fingers. There was something so wonderfully soft and sweet in this that Rags drew the baby nearer and gave a quick, strange gasp of pleasure as it threw its arms around his neck and brought the face up close to his chin and hugged him tightly. The baby's arms were very soft and plump, and its cheek and tangled hair were warm and moist with perspiration, and the breath that fell on Raegen's face was sweeter than anything he had ever known. He felt wonderfully and for some reason uncomfortably happy, but the silence was oppressive.

"What's your name, little 'un?" said Rags. The baby ran its arms more closely around Raegen's neck and did not speak, unless its cooing in Raegen's ear was an answer. "What did you say your name was?" persisted Raegen, in a whisper. The baby frowned at this and stopped cooing long enough to say: "Marg'ret," mechanically and without apparently associating the name with herself or anything else. "Margaret, eh!" said Raegen, with grave consideration. "It's a very pretty name," he added, politely, for he could not shake off the feeling that he was in the presence of a superior being. "An' what did you say your dad's name was?" asked Raegen, awkwardly. But this was beyond the baby's patience or knowledge, and she waived the question aside with both arms and began to beat a tattoo gently with her two closed fists on Raegen's chin and throat. "You're mighty strong now, ain't you?" mocked the young giant, laughing. "Perhaps you don't know, Missie," he added, gravely, "that your dad and mar are doing time on the Island, and you won't see 'em again for a month." No, the baby did not know this nor care apparently; she seemed content with Rags and with his company. Sometimes she drew away and looked at him long and dubiously, and this cut Rags to the heart, and he felt guilty, and unreasonably anxious until she smiled reassuringly again and ran back into his arms, nestling her face against his and stroking his rough chin wonderingly with her little fingers.

Rags forgot the lateness of the night and the darkness that fell upon the room in the interest of this strange entertainment, which was so much more absorbing, and so much more innocent than any other he had ever known. He almost forgot the fact that he lay in hiding, that he was surrounded by unfriendly neighbors, and that at any moment the representatives of local justice might come in and rudely lead him away. For this reason he dared not make a light, but he moved his position so that the glare from an electric lamp on the street outside might fall across the baby's face, as it lay alternately dozing and awakening, to smile up at him in the bend of his arm. Once it reached inside the collar of his shirt and pulled out the scapular that hung around his neck, and looked at it so long, and with such apparent seriousness, that Rags was confirmed in his fear that this kindly visitor was something more or less of a superhuman agent, and his efforts to make this supposition coincide with the fact that the angel's parents were on

Blackwell's Island, proved one of the severest struggles his mind had ever experienced. He had forgotten to feel hungry, and the knowledge that he was acutely so, first came to him with the thought that the baby must obviously be in greatest need of food herself. This pained him greatly, and he laid his burden down upon the bedding, and after slipping off his shoes, tip-toed his way across the room on a foraging expedition after something she could eat. There was a half of a ham-bone, and a half loaf of hard bread in a cupboard, and on the table he found a bottle quite filled with wretched whiskey. That the police had failed to see the baby had not appealed to him in any way, but that they should have allowed this last find to remain unnoticed pleased him intensely, not because it now fell to him, but because they had been cheated of it. It really struck him as so humorous that he stood laughing silently for several minutes, slapping his thigh with every outward exhibition of the keenest mirth. But when he found that the room and cupboard were bare of anything else that might be eaten he sobered suddenly. It was very hot, and though the windows were open, the perspiration stood upon his face, and the foul close air that rose from the court and street below made him gasp and pant for breath. He dipped a wash rag in the water from the spigot in the hall, and filled a cup with it and bathed the baby's face and wrists. She woke and sipped up the water from the cup eagerly, and then looked up at him, as if to ask for something more. Rags soaked the crusty bread in the water, and put it to the baby's lips, but after nibbling at it eagerly she shook her head and looked up at him again with such reproachful pleading in her eyes, that Rags felt her silence more keenly than the worst abuse he had ever received.

It hurt him so, that the pain brought tears to his eyes.

"Deary girl," he cried, "I'd give you anything you could think of if I had it. But I can't get it, see? It ain't that I don't want to--good Lord, little 'un, you don't think that, do you?"

The baby smiled at this, just as though she understood him, and touched his face as if to comfort him, so that Rags felt that same exquisite content again, which moved him so strangely whenever the child caressed him, and which left him soberly wondering. Then the baby crawled up onto his lap and dropped asleep, while Rags sat motionless and fanned her with a folded newspaper, stopping every now and then to pass the damp cloth over her warm face and arms. It was quite late now. Outside he could hear the neighbors laughing and talking on the roofs, and when one group sang hilariously to an accordion, he cursed them under his breath for noisy, drunken fools, and in his anger lest they should disturb the child in his arms, expressed an anxious hope that they would fall off and break their useless necks. It grew silent and much cooler as the night ran out, but Rags still sat immovable, shivering slightly every now and then and cautiously stretching his stiff legs and body. The arm

that held the child grew stiff and numb with the light burden, but he took a fierce pleasure in the pain, and became hardened to it, and at last fell into an uneasy slumber from which he awoke to pass his hands gently over the soft yielding body, and to draw it slowly and closer to him. And then, from very weariness, his eyes closed and his head fell back heavily against the wall, and the man and the child in his arms slept peacefully in the dark corner of the deserted tenement.

The sun rose hissing out of the East River, a broad, red disc of heat. It swept the cross-streets of the city as pitilessly as the search-light of a man-of-war sweeps the ocean. It blazed brazenly into open windows, and changed beds into gridirons on which the sleepers tossed and turned and woke unrefreshed and with throats dry and parched. Its glare awakened Rags into a startled belief that the place about him was on fire, and he stared wildly until the child in his arms brought him back to the knowledge of where he was. He ached in every joint and limb, and his eyes smarted with the dry heat, but the baby concerned him most, for she was breathing with hard, long, irregular gasps, her mouth was open and her absurdly small fists were clenched, and around her closed eyes were deep blue rings. Rags felt a cold rush of fear and uncertainty come over him as he stared about him helplessly for aid. He had seen babies look like this before, in the tenements; they were like this when the young doctors of the Health Board climbed to the roofs to see them, and they were like this, only quiet and still, when the ambulance came clattering up the narrow streets, and bore them away. Rags carried the baby into the outer room, where the sun had not yet penetrated, and laid her down gently on the coverlets; then he let the water in the sink run until it was fairly cool, and with this bathed the baby's face and hands and feet, and lifted a cup of the water to her open lips. She woke at this and smiled again, but very faintly, and when she looked at him he felt fearfully sure that she did not know him, and that she was looking through and past him at something he could not see.

He did not know what to do, and he wanted to do so much. Milk was the only thing he was quite sure babies cared for, but in want of this he made a mess of bits of the dry ham and crumbs of bread, moistened with the raw whiskey, and put it to her lips on the end of a spoon. The baby tasted this, and pushed his hand away, and then looked up and gave a feeble cry, and seemed to say, as plainly as a grown woman could have said or written, "It isn't any use, Rags. You are very good to me, but, indeed, I cannot do it. Don't worry, please; I don't blame you."

"Great Lord," gasped Rags, with a queer choking in his throat, "but ain't she got grit." Then he bethought him of the people who he still believed inhabited the rest of the tenement, and he concluded that as the day was yet so early they might still be asleep, and that while they slept, he could "lift"--as he mentally described the act--whatever they might have laid away for breakfast. Excited with this hope, he ran

noiselessly down the stairs in his bare feet, and tried the doors of the different landings. But each he found open and each room bare and deserted. Then it occurred to him that at this hour he might even risk a sally into the street. He had money with him, and the milk-carts and bakers' wagons must be passing every minute. He ran back to get the money out of his coat, delighted with the chance and chiding himself for not having dared to do it sooner. He stood over the baby a moment before he left the room, and flushed like a girl as he stooped and kissed one of the bare arms. "I'm going out to get you some breakfast," he said. "I won't be gone long, but if I should," he added, as he paused and shrugged his shoulders, "I'll send the sergeant after you from the station-house. If I only wasn't under bonds," he muttered, as he slipped down the stairs. "If it wasn't for that they couldn't give me more'n a month at the most, even knowing all they do of me. It was only a street fight, anyway, and there was some there that must have seen him pull his pistol." He stopped at the top of the first flight of stairs and sat down to wait. He could see below the top of the open front door, the pavement and a part of the street beyond, and when he heard the rattle of an approaching cart he ran on down and then, with an oath, turned and broke up-stairs again. He had seen the ward detectives standing together on the opposite side of the street.

"Wot are they doing out a bed at this hour?" he demanded angrily. "Don't they make trouble enough through the day, without prowling around before decent people are up? I wonder, now, if they're after me." He dropped on his knees when he reached the room where the baby lay, and peered cautiously out of the window at the detectives, who had been joined by two other men, with whom they were talking earnestly. Raegen knew the new-comers for two of McGonegal's friends, and concluded, with a momentary flush of pride and self-importance, that the detectives were forced to be up at this early hour solely on his account. But this was followed by the afterthought that he must have hurt McGonegal seriously, and that he was wanted in consequence very much. This disturbed him most, he was surprised to find, because it precluded his going forth in search of food. "I guess I can't get you that milk I was looking for," he said, jocularly, to the baby, for the excitement elated him. "The sun outside isn't good for me health." The baby settled herself in his arms and slept again, which sobered Rags, for he argued it was a bad sign, and his own ravenous appetite warned him how the child suffered. When he again offered her the mixture he had prepared for her, she took it eagerly, and Rags breathed a sigh of satisfaction. Then he ate some of the bread and ham himself and swallowed half the whiskey, and stretched out beside the child and fanned her while she slept. It was something strangely incomprehensible to Rags that he should feel so keen a satisfaction in doing even this little for her, but he gave up wondering, and forgot everything else in watching the strange beauty of the sleeping baby and in the odd feeling of responsibility and self-respect she had brought to him.

He did not feel it coming on, or he would have fought against it, but the heat of the day and the sleeplessness of the night before, and the fumes of the whiskey on his empty stomach, drew him unconsciously into a dull stupor, so that the paper fan slipped from his hand, and he sank back on the bedding into a heavy sleep. When he awoke it was nearly dusk and past six o'clock, as he knew by the newsboys calling the sporting extras on the street below. He sprang up, cursing himself, and filled with bitter remorse.

"I'm a drunken fool, that's what I am," said Rags, savagely. "I've let her lie here all day in the heat with no one to watch her." Margaret was breathing so softly that he could hardly discern any life at all, and his heart almost stopped with fear. He picked her up and fanned and patted her into wakefulness again and then turned desperately to the window and looked down. There was no one he knew or who knew him as far as he could tell on the street, and he determined recklessly to risk another sortie for food.

"Why, it's been near two days that child's gone without eating," he said, with keen self-reproach, "and here you've let her suffer to save yourself a trip to the Island. You're a hulking big loafer, you are," he ran on, muttering, "and after her coming to you and taking notice of you and putting her face to yours like an angel." He slipped off his shoes and picked his way cautiously down the stairs.

As he reached the top of the first flight a newsboy passed, calling the evening papers, and shouted something which Rags could not distinguish. He wished he could get a copy of the paper. It might tell him, he thought, something about himself. The boy was coming nearer, and Rags stopped and leaned forward to listen.

"Extry! Extry!" shouted the newsboy, running. "Sun, World, and Mail. Full account of the murder of Pike McGonegal by Ragsey Raegen."

The lights in the street seemed to flash up suddenly and grow dim again, leaving Rags blind and dizzy.

"Stop," he yelled, "stop. Murdered, no, by God, no," he cried, staggering half-way down the stairs; "stop, stop!" But no one heard Rags, and the sound of his own voice halted him. He sank back weak and sick upon the top step of the stairs and beat his hands together upon his head.

"It's a lie, it's a lie," he whispered, thickly. "I struck him in self-defence, s'help me. I struck him in self-defence. He drove me to it. He pulled his gun on me. I done it in self-defence."



And then the whole appearance of the young tough changed, and the terror and horror that had showed on his face turned to one of low sharpness and evil cunning. His lips drew together tightly and he breathed quickly through his nostrils, while his fingers locked and unlocked around his knees. All that he had learned on the streets and wharves and roof-tops, all that pitiable experience and dangerous knowledge that had made him a leader and a hero among the thieves and bullies of the river-front he called to his assistance now. He faced the fact flatly and with the cool consideration of an uninterested counsellor. He knew that the history of his life was written on Police Court blotters from the day that he was ten years old, and with pitiless detail; that what friends he had he held more by fear than by affection, and that his enemies, who were many, only wanted just such a chance as this to revenge injuries long suffered and bitterly cherished, and that his only safety lay in secret and instant flight. The ferries were watched, of course; he knew that the depots, too, were covered by the men whose only duty was to watch the coming and to halt the departing criminal. But he knew of one old man who was too wise to ask questions and who would row him over the East River to Astoria, and of another on the west side whose boat was always at the disposal of silent white-faced young men who might come at any hour of the night or morning, and whom he would pilot across to the Jersey shore and keep well away from the lights of the passing ferries and the green lamp of the police boat. And once across, he had only to change his name and write for money to be forwarded to that name, and turn to work until the thing was covered up and forgotten. He rose to his feet in his full strength again, and intensely and agreeably excited with the danger, and possibly fatal termination, of his adventure, and then there fell upon him, with the suddenness of a blow, the remembrance of the little child lying on the dirty bedding in the room above.

"I can't do it," he muttered fiercely; "I can't do it," he cried, as if he argued with some other presence. "There's a rope around me neck, and the chances are all against me; it's every man for himself and no favor." He threw his arms out before him as if to push the thought away from him and ran his fingers through his hair and over his face. All of his old self rose in him and mocked him for a weak fool, and showed him just how great his personal danger was, and so he turned and dashed forward on a run, not only to the street, but as if to escape from the other self that held him back. He was still without his shoes, and in his bare feet, and he stopped as he noticed this and turned to go up stairs for them, and then he pictured to himself the baby lying as he had left her, weakly unconscious and with dark rims around her eyes, and he asked himself excitedly what he would do, if, on his return, she should wake and smile and reach out her hands to him.

"I don't dare go back," he said, breathlessly. "I don't dare do it; killing's too good for the likes of Pike McGonegal, but I'm not fighting babies. An' maybe, if I went back, maybe I wouldn't have the nerve to

leave her; I can't do it," he muttered, "I don't dare go back." But still he did not stir, but stood motionless, with one hand trembling on the stair-rail and the other clenched beside him, and so fought it on alone in the silence of the empty building.

The lights in the stores below came out one by one, and the minutes passed into half-hours, and still he stood there with the noise of the streets coming up to him below speaking of escape and of a long life of ill-regulated pleasures, and up above him the baby lay in the darkness and reached out her hands to him in her sleep.

The surly old sergeant of the Twenty-first Precinct station-house had read the evening papers through for the third time and was dozing in the fierce lights of the gas-jet over the high desk when a young man with a white, haggard face came in from the street with a baby in his arms.

"I want to see the woman thet look after the station-house--quick," he said.

The surly old sergeant did not like the peremptory tone of the young man nor his general appearance, for he had no hat, nor coat, and his feet were bare; so he said, with deliberate dignity, that the char-woman was up-stairs lying down, and what did the young man want with her? "This child," said the visitor, in a queer thick voice, "she's sick. The heat's come over her, and she ain't had anything to eat for two days, an' she's starving. Ring the bell for the matron, will yer, and send one of your men around for the house surgeon." The sergeant leaned forward comfortably on his elbows, with his hands under his chin so that the gold lace on his cuffs shone effectively in the gaslight. He believed he had a sense of humor and he chose this unfortunate moment to exhibit it.

"Did you take this for a dispensary, young man?" he asked; "or," he continued, with added facetiousness, "a foundling hospital?"

The young man made a savage spring at the barrier in front of the high desk. "Damn you," he panted, "ring that bell, do you hear me, or I'll pull you off that seat and twist your heart out."

The baby cried at this sudden outburst, and Rags fell back, patting it with his hand and muttering between his closed teeth. The sergeant called to the men of the reserve squad in the reading-room beyond, and to humor this desperate visitor, sounded the gong for the janitress. The reserve squad trooped in leisurely with the playing-cards in their hands and with their pipes in their mouths.

"This man," growled the sergeant, pointing with the end of his cigar to Rags, "is either drunk, or crazy, or a bit of both."

The char-woman came down stairs majestically, in a long, loose wrapper, fanning herself with a palm-leaf fan, but when she saw the child, her majesty dropped from her like a cloak, and she ran toward her and caught the baby up in her arms. "You poor little thing," she murmured, "and, oh, how beautiful!" Then she whirled about on the men of the reserve squad: "You, Conners," she said, "run up to my room and get the milk out of my ice-chest; and Moore, put on your coat and go around and tell the surgeon I want to see him. And one of you crack some ice up fine in a towel. Take it out of the cooler. Quick, now."

Raegen came up to her fearfully. "Is she very sick?" he begged; "she ain't going to die, is she?"

"Of course not," said the woman, promptly, "but she's down with the heat, and she hasn't been properly cared for; the child looks half-starved. Are you her father?" she asked, sharply. But Rags did not speak, for at the moment she had answered his question and had said the baby would not die, he had reached out swiftly, and taken the child out of her arms and held it hard against his breast, as though he had lost her and some one had been just giving her back to him.

His head was bending over hers, and so he did not see Wade and Heffner, the two ward detectives, as they came in from the street, looking hot, and tired, and anxious. They gave a careless glance at the group, and then stopped with a start, and one of them gave a long, low whistle.

"Well," exclaimed Wade, with a gasp of surprise and relief. "So Raegen, you're here, after all, are you? Well, you did give us a chase, you did. Who took you?"

The men of the reserve squad, when they heard the name of the man for whom the whole force had been looking for the past two days, shifted their positions slightly, and looked curiously at Rags, and the woman stopped pouring out the milk from the bottle in her hand, and stared at him in frank astonishment. Raegen threw back his head and shoulders, and ran his eyes coldly over the faces of the semicircle of men around him.

"Who took me?" he began defiantly, with a swagger of braggadocio, and then, as though it were hardly worth while, and as though the presence of the baby lifted him above everything else, he stopped, and raised her until her cheek touched his own. It rested there a moment, while Rag stood silent.

"Who took me?" he repeated, quietly, and without lifting his eyes from the baby's face. "Nobody took me," he said. "I gave myself up."

One morning, three months later, when Raegen had stopped his ice-cart in front of my door, I asked him whether at any time he had ever regretted

what he had done.

"Well, sir," he said, with easy superiority, "seeing that I've shook the gang, and that the Society's decided her folks ain't fit to take care of her, we can't help thinking we are better off, see?"

{Illustration with caption: She'd reach out her hands and kiss me.}

"But, as for my ever regretting it, why, even when things was at the worst, when the case was going dead against me, and before that cop, you remember, swore to McGonegal's drawing the pistol, and when I used to sit in the Tombs expecting I'd have to hang for it, well, even then, they used to bring her to see me every day, and when they'd lift her up, and she'd reach out her hands and kiss me through the bars, why--they could have took me out and hung me, and been damned to 'em, for all I'd have cared."

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## GULLS

from *Al Que Quiere!*, by William Carlos Williams  
EBook #51997

My townspeople, beyond in the great world,  
are many with whom it were far more  
profitable for me to live than here with you.  
These whirr about me calling, calling!  
and for my own part I answer them, loud as I can,  
but they, being free, pass!  
I remain! Therefore, listen!  
For you will not soon have another singer.

First I say this: you have seen  
the strange birds, have you not, that sometimes  
rest upon our river in winter?

Let them cause you to think well then of the storms  
that drive many to shelter. These things  
do not happen without reason.

And the next thing I say is this:  
I saw an eagle once circling against the clouds  
over one of our principal churches--  
Easter, it was--a beautiful day!--:  
three gulls came from above the river  
and crossed slowly seaward!  
Oh, I know you have your own hymns, I have heard them--  
and because I knew they invoked some great protector  
I could not be angry with you, no matter  
how much they outraged true music--

You see, it is not necessary for us to leap at each other,  
and, as I told you, in the end  
the gulls moved seaward very quietly.

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## LUMINOUS CRABS

from *Half Hours With the Lower Animals*, by Charles Frederick Holder  
EBook #52085

One of the interesting experiences of Nordenskiöld in the Arctic Ocean was wading through the sludge, as the soft snow water along the beach is called, and seeing each footprint turn into a mass of light, caused by the phosphorescence of a small crustacean called Metridia. The light was bluish white, of great intensity, and although at times the cold was so severe that mercury would freeze, yet everywhere this marvelous light blazed. Even drops and splashes of the water seemed to be molten metal, but were merely alive with this minute light giver resembling Cyclops. In the Pacific, especially in summer, the exhibition of what might be called "crab light" is marvelous, and this is often true in the Atlantic. The light following the splash of an oar, the spray hurled aside by the cut water, the foaming water around a propeller, and the strange shifting specter which follows the rudder, are caused more or less by minute crustaceans which have the faculty of emitting light without heat.

Along the beach beneath seaweed, we shall find Gammarus, a long, very small, but mighty jumper, that at night emits a red light. Many of the near relatives of this little creature are phosphorescent, and perhaps the most beautiful of all is one named Idotea phosphorea. It is a yellowish spotted little creature found in pools alongshore. It darts about among the weed, and would rarely, if ever, be noticed during the day; but at night the entire animal seems permeated with a golden light which marks it in vivid lines against the dark bottom, and flashes and miniature meteors indicate it as it dashes across the little pool, its ocean world.

The most beautiful of all crustaceans is the one known as Sapphirina. I have seen the ocean filled with them; some red, others blue or yellow, purple or green, all known gems being imitated by these matchless gems of the sea, which in daylight vie with the most brilliant iridescence in producing wonderful displays. No more beautiful scene can be imagined than that embracing these living gems, standing out in brilliant tints against the deep blue of the ocean. These gems also have the gift of phosphorescence and at night appear in a new guise.

One of the singular long-legged spider crabs of the deep sea, Colossendeis, is said to be phosphorescent. Giglioli, the Italian naturalist, describes a crab which gives a golden purple light, the latter appearing from the thorax. The little shrimp, Mysis, which carries its young in a pouch, from which it is called the opossum shrimp, is not phosphorescent, but its young in what is called the zoëa stage are luminous. The odd-shaped little creature, which is the mantis shrimp in one of its stages, is brilliantly luminous, not over

its entire body, but in the eyestalks. Some of the deep-sea crabs have luminous eyes, strange monsters wandering in the abysmal regions of the deep sea.

While most of these crabs have the light in only one place, one discovered by Sir Joseph Banks was luminous over its entire surface. Exactly what the luminous matter is, is not known, but in some instances it can be scraped off and will render the hands luminous when rubbed upon them. According to A. M. Norman, naturalist of the Porcupine expedition, the crustacean *Ethusa*, found at a depth of eighteen hundred feet, is blind, its eyestalk being spiny, and the eye replaced by a smooth, round termination which is supposed to be a light-emitting organ. *Aristeus* has phosphorescent eyes, which blaze with the yellow fire of a cat's eye, and this is true of many other crustaceans. Some have luminous backs; others have fiery bands upon the legs, while almost every portion of the body of some species is the seat of this wonderful light. That the lights are of some use there can be little doubt. In one little creature Dr. Gunther found a brilliant light stationed between its eyes, which certainly was a light to illumine its way in the deep, dark bed of the ocean.

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## Summer Recipes

from *The Just-Wed Cook Book*, by Various  
EBook #51542

### CRAB SALAD

One pint of crab meat, two stalks of celery, cut fine; one hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, and one tomato cut into small pieces; season with salt, pepper and vinegar, mix in salad bowl, garnishing it with crisp leaves of lettuce; dress with mayonnaise dressing.

### DEVILED CRAB

One cup crab meat, picked from shells of well-boiled crabs, two tablespoons fine bread crumbs or rolled crackers, yolk two hard-boiled eggs, chopped juice of a lemon, one-half teaspoon mustard, a little cayenne pepper and salt, one cup good drawn butter. Mix one spoon crumbs with chopped crab meat, yolks, seasoning, drawn butter. Fill scallop shells—large clam shell will do—with mixture; sift crumbs over top, heat to slight brown in quick oven.

### CREAMED CRAB

Melt a half inch slice butter, add half a cup Gold Medal Flour, stir all the time; to this add three cups of milk and one cup of cream; season with salt, red pepper and one tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce. Cook ten minutes. Add the picked meat of three crabs and a small bottle of mushrooms. Let it come to a boil once. Serve in ramikins.

### COLD SLAW

Chop or shred a small white cabbage. Prepare a dressing in the proportion of one tablespoonful of oil to four of vinegar, a teaspoonful mustard, salt and sugar, and pepper. Pour over the salad, adding, if you choose, three tablespoonfuls of minced celery; toss up well and put in a glass bowl.

### POTATO SALAD

Four large potatoes, one-half a small onion, a little celery, chopped fine. If the potatoes have been boiled in their skin they are better. The dressing consists of one cupful of cream, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of mustard, one of sugar, salt and pepper



to taste.

#### CELERY SALAD

Two bunches celery, one tablespoonful salad oil, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of sugar, pepper and salt. Wash and scrape celery; lay in ice-cold water until dinner time. Then cut into inch lengths, add above seasoning. Stir well together with fork and serve in salad bowl.

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## THE PRODIGAL GUEST

from *Neighborhood Stories*, by Zona Gale

EBook #52089

Aunt Ellis wrote to me:

"DEAR CALLIOPE: Now come and pay me the visit. You've never been here since the time I had sciatica and was cross. Come now, and I'll try to hold my temper and my tongue."

I wrote back to her:

"I'll come. I was saving up to buy a new cook-stove next fall, but I'll bring my cook-stove and come in time for the parade. I did want to see that."

She answered:

"Mercy, Calliope, I might have known it! You always did love a circus in the village, and these women are certainly making a circus parade of themselves. However, we'll even drive down to see them do it, if you'll really come. Now you know how much I want you."

"I might have known," I said to myself, "that Aunt Ellis would be like that. The poor thing has had such an easy time that she can't help it. She thinks what's been, is."

She wrote me that she was coming in from the country an hour after my train got there, but that the automobile would be there for me. And I wrote her that I would come down the platform with my umbrella up, so's her man would know me; and so I done, and he picked me out real ready.

When we got to her big house, that somehow looked so used to being a big house, there was a little boy sitting on the bottom step, half asleep, with a big box.

"What's the matter, lamb?" I says.

"Beg pad', ma'am, he's likely waitin' to beg," says the chauf---- that word. "I'd go right by if I was you."

But the little fellow'd woke up and looked up.

"I can't find the place," he says, and stuck out his big box. The man looked at the label. "They ain't no such number in this street," says he. "It's a mistake."

The little fellow kind of begun to cry, and the wind was blowing up real bitter. I made out that him and his family made toys for the uptown shops, and somebody in our neighborhood had ordered some direct, and he was afraid to go home without the money. I didn't have any money to give him, but I says to the chauf----

"Ask him where he lives, will you? And see if we'd have time to take him home before Mis' Winthrop's train gets in."

The chauf---- done it, some like a prime minister, and he says, cold, he thought we'd have time, and I put the baby in the car. He was a real sweet little fellow, about seven. He told me his part in making the toys, and his mother's, and his two little sisters', and I give him the rest o' my lunch, and he knew how to laugh when he got the chance, and we had a real happy time of it. And we come to his home.

Never, not if I live till after my dying day, will I forget the looks of that back upstairs place he called home, nor the smell of it--the smell of it. The waxy woman that was his mother, in a red waist, and with a big weight of hair, had forgot how to look surprised--that struck me as so awful--she'd forgot how to look surprised, just the same as a grand lady that's learned not to; and there was the stumpy man that grunted for short instead of bothering with words; and the two little girls that might of been anybody's--if they'd been clean--one of 'em with regular portrait hair. I stayed a minute, and give 'em the cost of about one griddle of my cook-stove, and then I went to the station to meet Aunt Ellis. And I poured it all out to her, as soon as she'd give me her cheek to kiss.

"So you haven't had any tea!" she said, getting in the automobile. "I'm sorry you've been so annoyed the first thing."

"Annoyed!" I says over. "Annoyed! Well, yes," I says, "poor people is real annoying. I wonder we have 'em."

I was dying to ask her about the parade, but I didn't like to; till after we'd had dinner in front of snow and silver and sparkles and so on, and had gone in her parlor-with-another-name, and set down in the midst of flowers and shades and lace, and rugs the color of different kinds of preserves, and wood-work like the skin of a cooked prune. Then I says:

"You know I'm just dying to hear about the parade."

She lifted her hand and shut her eyes, brief.

"Calliope," she says, "I don't know what has come over women. They seem

to want to attract attention to themselves. They seem to want to be conspicuous and talked about. They seem to want----"

"They want lots o' things," says I, dry, "but it ain't any of them, Aunt Ellis. What time does the parade start?"

"You're bound to see it?" she says. "When I think of my dear Miss Markham--they used to say her school taught not manners, but manner--and what she would say to the womanhood of to-day.... We'll drive down if you say so, Calliope--but I don't know whether I can bear it long."

"Manner," I says over. "Manner. That's just what we're trying to learn now, manner of being alive. We haven't known very much about that, it seems."

I kept thinking that over next day when we were drawn up beside the curb in the car, waiting for them to come. "We're trying to learn manner at last--the manner of being alive." There were lots of other cars, with women so pretty you felt like crying up into the sky to ask there if we knew for sure what all that perfection was for, or if there was something else to it we didn't know--yet. And thousands of women on foot, and thousands of women in windows.... I looked at them and wondered if they thought we were, and life was, as decent as we and it could be, and, if not, how they were preparing to help change it. I thought of the rest that were up town in colored nests, and them that were down town in factories, and them that were to home in the villages, and them that were out all along the miles and miles to the other ocean, just the same way. And here was going to come this little line of women walking along the street, a little line of women that thought they see new life for us all, and see it more abundant.

"Manner," I says, "we're just beginning to learn manner."

Then, way down the avenue, they began to come. By ones and by fours and by eights, with colors and with music and with that that was greater than all of them--the tramp and tramp of feet; feet that weren't dancing to balls, nor racking up and down in shops buying pretty things to make 'em power, nor just paddling around a kitchen the same as mine had always done--but feet that were marching, in a big, peaceful army, towards the place where the big, new tasks of to-morrow are going to be, that won't interfere with the best tasks of yesterday no more than the earth's orbit interferes with its whirling round and round.

"That's it," I says, "that's it! We've been whirling round and round, manufacturing the days and the nights, and we never knew we had an orbit too."

So they come, till they begun to pass where we were--some heads up, some eyes down, women, women, marching to a tune that was being beat out by thousands of hearts all over the world. I'd never seen women like this before. I saw them like I'd never seen them--I felt I was one of 'em like I'd never known that either. And I saw what they saw and I felt what they felt more than I ever knew I done.

Then I heard Aunt Ellis making a little noise in her breath.

"The bad taste of it--the bad taste of it, Calliope!" she said. "When I was a girl we used to use the word ladylike--we used to strive to deserve it. It's a beautiful word. But these----"

"We've been ladylike," says I, sad, "for five or ten thousand years, and where has it got us to?"

"Oh, but, Calliope, they like it--they like the publicity and the notoriety and the----"

I kept still, but I hurt all over me. I can stand anything only hearing that they like it--the way Aunt Ellis meant. I thought to myself that I bet the folks that used to watch martyrs were heard to say that martyrs prob'ly thought flames was becoming or they wouldn't be burnt. But when I looked at Aunt Ellis sitting in her car with her hand over her eyes, it come over me all at once the tragedy of it--of all them that watch us cast their old ideals in new forms--their old ideals.

All of a sudden I stood up in the car. The parade had got blocked for a minute, and right in front of the curb where we stood I saw a woman I knew; a little waxy-looking thing, that couldn't look surprised or exalted or afraid or anything else, and I knew her in a minute--even to the red calico waist and the big weight of hair, just as I had seen her by the toy table in her "home" the night before. And there she was, marching. And here was Aunt Ellis and me.

I leaned over and touched Aunt Ellis.

"You mustn't mind," I says; "I'm going too."

She looked at me like I'd turned into somebody else.

"I'm going out there," I says, "with them. I see it like they do--I feel it like they do. And them that sees it and feels it and don't help it along is holding it back. I'll find my way home...."

I ran to them. I stepped right out in the street among them and fell in step with them, and then I saw something. While I was making my way through the crowd to them the line had passed on, and then I was with

was all in caps and gowns. I stopped still in the road.

"Great land!" I says to the woman nearest, "you're college, ain't you? And I never even got through high school."

She smiled and put out her hand.

"Come on," she says.

Whatever happens to me afterward, I've had that hour. No woman that has ever had it will ever forget it--the fear and the courage, the pride and the dread, the hurt and the power and the glory. I don't know whether it's the way--but what is the way? I only know that all down the street, between the rows of watching faces, I could think of that little waxy woman going along ahead, and of the kind of place that she called home, and of the kind of a life she and her children had. And I knew then and I know now that the poverty and the dirt and some of the death in the world is our job, it's our job too. And if they won't let us do it ladylike, we'll do it just plain.

When I got home, Aunt Ellis was having tea. She smiled at me kind of sad, as a prodigal guest deserved.

"Aunt Ellis," I says, "I've give 'em the rest of my cook-stove money, except my fare home."

"My poor Calliope," she says, "that's just the trouble. You all go to such hysterical extremes."

I'd heard that word several times on the street. I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Was that hysterics to-day?" I says. "I've often wondered what they're like. I've never had the time to have them, myself. Well," I says, tired but serene, "if that was hysterics, leave 'em make the most of it."

I looked at her, meditative.

"Miss Markham and you and the women that marched to-day and me," I says. "And a hundred years from now we'll all be conservatives together. And there'll be some big new day coming on that would startle me now, just the same as it would you. But the way I feel to-night, honest--I donno but I'm ready for that one too."

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### **The Land of Beginning Again**

by Louisa Fletcher Tarkington, from *Poems Teachers Ask For, Book Two*, by Various  
eBook #19469

I wish there were some wonderful place  
Called the Land of Beginning Again,  
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches,  
And all our poor, selfish griefs  
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,  
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,  
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail;  
And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done  
The greatest injustice of all  
Could be at the gate like the old friend that waits  
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would find the things we intended to do,  
But forgot and remembered too late--  
Little praises unspoken, little promises broken,  
And all of the thousand and one  
Little duties neglected that might have perfected  
The days of one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind.  
In the Land of Beginning Again;  
And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged  
Their moments of victory here,  
Would find the grasp of our loving handclasp  
More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know had been best,  
And what had seemed loss would be gain,  
For there isn't a sting that will not take wing  
When we've faced it and laughed it away;  
And I think that the laughter is most what we're after,  
In the Land of Beginning Again.

So I wish that there were some wonderful place  
Called the Land of Beginning Again,  
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches,  
And all our poor, selfish griefs  
Could be dropped, like a ragged old coat, at the door,  
And never put on again.

---

**Whiskaboom**, by Alan Arkin  
EBook #51132

*Jack's blunder was disastrous, but what he  
worried about was: would Einstein have approved?*

Dear Mr. Gretch:

Mrs. Burroughs and I are sending your son Jack to you because we do not know what else to do with him. As you can see, we can't keep him with us in his present condition.

Also, Jack owes us two weeks rent and, since Mrs. Burroughs and I are retired, we would appreciate your sending the money. It has been a dry year and our garden has done poorly.

The only reason we put up with your son in the first place was because we are so hard-pressed.

He saw the sign on the porch, rang the bell and paid Mrs. Burroughs a month's rent without even looking at the room. Then he ran out to his car and commenced pulling out suitcases and boxes and dragging them upstairs.

After the third trip, Mrs. Burroughs saw he was having trouble with the stuff and he looked kind of worn out, so she offered to help.

He gave her a hard look, as she described it to me when I got home. He said, "I don't want anyone touching anything. Please don't interfere."

"I didn't mean to interfere," my wife told him. "I only wanted to help."

"I don't want any help," he said quietly, but with a wild look in his eye, and he staggered upstairs with the last of his baggage and locked the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I got home, Mrs. Burroughs told me she thought I ought to take a look at the new boarder. I went up, thinking we'd have a little chat and straighten things out. I could hear him inside, hammering on something.



He didn't hear my first knock or the second. I got sore and nearly banged the door down, at which time he decided to open up.

I charged in, ready to fight a bear. And there was this skinny red-headed son of yours glaring at me.

"That's a lot of hammering you're doing, son," I said.

"That's the only way I can get these boxes open, and don't call me son."

"I don't like to disturb you, Mr. Gretch, but Mrs. Burroughs is a little upset over the way you acted today. I think you ought to come down for a cup of tea and get acquainted."

"I know I was rude," he said, looking a little ashamed, "but I have waited for years for a chance to get to work on my own, with no interference. I'll come down tomorrow, when I have got my equipment set up, and apologize to Mrs. Burroughs then."

I asked him what he was working on, but he said he would explain later. Before I got out of the door, he was hammering again. He worked till after midnight.

We saw Jack at mealtimes for the next few days, but he didn't talk much. We learned that he was twenty-six, in spite of his looking like a boy in his teens, that he thought Prof. Einstein the greatest man ever, and that he disliked being called son. Of his experiment, he didn't have much to say then. He saw Mrs. Burroughs was a little nervous about his experimenting in the guest room and he assured her it was not dangerous.

Before the week was out, we started hearing the noises. The first one was like a wire brush going around a barrel. It went \_whisk, whisk\_. Then he rigged up something that went \_skaboom\_ every few seconds, like a loud heartbeat. Once in a while, he got in a sound like a creaky well pump, but mostly it was \_skaboom\_ and \_whisk\_, which eventually settled down to a steady rhythm, \_whiskaboom, whiskaboom\_.

It was kind of pleasant.

\* \* \* \* \*

Neither of us saw him for two days. The noises kept going on. Mrs. Burroughs was alarmed because he did not answer her knock at mealtimes, and one morning she charged upstairs and hollered at him through the door.

"You stop your nonsense this minute and come down to breakfast!"

"I'm not hungry," he called back.

"You open this door!" she ordered and, by George, he did. "Your \_whiskaboom\_ or whatever it is will keep till after breakfast."

He sat at the table, but he was a tired boy. He had a cold, his eyelids kept batting, and I don't believe he could have lifted his coffee cup. He tried to look awake, and then over he went with his face in the oatmeal.

Mrs. Burroughs ran for the ammonia, but he was out cold, so we wiped the oatmeal off his face and carried him upstairs.

My wife rubbed Jack's wrists with garlic and put wet towels on his face, and presently he came to. He looked wildly about the room at his machinery. It was all there, and strange-looking stuff, too.

"Please go away," he begged. "I've got work to do."

Mrs. Burroughs helped him blow his nose. "There'll be no work for you, sonny. Not until you're well. We'll take care of you." He didn't seem to mind being called sonny.

He was sick for a week and we tended him like one of our own. We got to know him pretty well. And we also got to know you.

Now, Mr. Gretch, whatever you are doing in your laboratory is your own business. You could be making atomic disintegrators, for all Jack told us. But he does not like or approve of it and he told us about your running battle with him to keep him working on your project instead of his own.

Jack tried to explain his ideas for harnessing time and what he called "the re-integration principle." It was all so much \_whiskaboom\_ to us, so to speak, but he claimed it was for the good of mankind, which was fine with us.

But he said you would not let him work it out because there was less money in it than in your project, and this is why he had to get away and work and worry himself into a collapse.

When he got well, Mrs. Burroughs told him, "From now on, you're going to have three meals a day and eight hours sleep, and in between you can play on your \_whiskaboom\_ all you please."

The \_whiskabooming\_ became as familiar to us as our own voices.

Last Sunday, Mrs. Burroughs and I came home from church, about noon. She went inside through the front door to fix dinner. I walked around the house to look at the garden. And the moment I walked past the front of the house, I got the shock of my life.

The house disappeared!

\* \* \* \* \*

I was too surprised to stop walking, and a step later I was standing at the back of the house, and it was all there. I took a step back and the whole house vanished again. One more step and I was at the front.

It looked like a real house in front and in back, but there wasn't any in-between. It was like one of those false-front saloons on a movie lot, but thinner.

I thought of my wife, who had gone into the kitchen and, for all I knew, was as thin as the house, and I went charging in the back door, yelling.

"Are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right," she said. "What's the matter with you?"

I grabbed her and she was all there, thank heavens. She giggled and called me an old fool, but I dragged her outside and showed her what had happened to our house.

She saw it, too, so I knew I didn't have sunstroke, but she couldn't understand it any better than I.

Right about then, I detected a prominent absence of \_whiskabooming\_. "Jack!" I hollered, and we hurried back into the house and upstairs.

Well, Mr. Gretch, it was so pitiful, I can't describe it. He was there, but I never saw a more miserable human being. He was not only thin but also flat, like a cartoon of a man who had been steamrollered. He was lying on the bed, holding onto the covers, with no more substance to him than a thin piece of paper. Less.

Mrs. Burroughs took one of his shoulders between her thumb and forefinger, and I took the other, and we held him up. There was a breeze coming through the window and Jack--well, he waved in the breeze.

We closed the window and laid him down again and he tried to explain what had happened. "Professor Einstein wouldn't have liked this!" he

moaned. "Something went wrong," he cried, shuddering.

He went on gasping and mumbling, and we gathered that he had hooked up a circuit the wrong way. "I didn't harness the fourth--I chopped off the third dimension! Einstein wouldn't have approved!"

He was relieved to learn that the damage had been confined to himself and the house, so far as we knew. Like the house, Jack had insides, but we don't know where they are. We poured tea down him, and he can eat, after a fashion, but there never is a sign of a lump anywhere.

\* \* \* \* \*

That night, we pinned him to the bed with clothespins so he wouldn't blow off the bed. Next morning, we rigged a line and pinned him to it so he could sit up.

"I know what to do," he said, "but I would have to go back to the lab. Dad would have to let me have his staff and all sorts of equipment. And he won't do it."

"If he thinks more of his money than he does of his own son," Mrs. Burroughs said, "then he's an unnatural father."

But Jack made us promise not to get in touch with you.

Still, people are beginning to talk. The man from the electric company couldn't find the meter yesterday, because it is attached to the middle of the outside wall and has vanished.

Mr. Gretch, we are parents and we feel that you will not hesitate a moment to do whatever is necessary to get Jack back into shape. So, despite our promise, we are sending Jack to you by registered parcel post, air mail. He doesn't mind the cardboard mailing tube he is rolled up in as he has been sleeping in it, finding it more comfortable than being pinned to the sheets.

Jack is a fine boy, sir, and we hope to hear soon that he is back to normal and doing the work he wants to do.

Very truly yours,

W. Burroughs

P.S. When Jack figures out the re-integration principle, we would appreciate his fixing our house. We get along as usual, but it makes us nervous to live in a house that, strictly speaking, has no insides. W.B.

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## REGINALD AT THE THEATRE

by Saki, from *Reginald*

eBook #2830

"After all," said the Duchess vaguely, "there are certain things you can't get away from. Right and wrong, good conduct and moral rectitude, have certain well-defined limits."

"So, for the matter of that," replied Reginald, "has the Russian Empire. The trouble is that the limits are not always in the same place."

Reginald and the Duchess regarded each other with mutual distrust, tempered by a scientific interest. Reginald considered that the Duchess had much to learn; in particular, not to hurry out of the Carlton as though afraid of losing one's last 'bus. A woman, he said, who is careless of disappearances is capable of leaving town before Goodwood, and dying at the wrong moment of an unfashionable disease.

The Duchess thought that Reginald did not exceed the ethical standard which circumstances demanded.

"Of course," she resumed combatively, "it's the prevailing fashion to believe in perpetual change and mutability, and all that sort of thing, and to say we are all merely an improved form of primeval ape--of course you subscribe to that doctrine?"

"I think it decidedly premature; in most people I know the process is far from complete."

"And equally of course you are quite irreligious?"

"Oh, by no means. The fashion just now is a Roman Catholic frame of mind with an Agnostic conscience: you get the mediaeval picturesqueness of the one with the modern conveniences of the other."

The Duchess suppressed a sniff. She was one of those people who regard the Church of England with patronising affection, as if it were something that had grown up in their kitchen garden.

"But there are other things," she continued, "which I suppose are to a certain extent sacred even to you. Patriotism, for instance, and Empire, and Imperial responsibility, and blood-is-thicker-than-water, and all that sort of thing."

Reginald waited for a couple of minutes before replying, while the Lord of Rimini temporarily monopolised the acoustic possibilities of the theatre.

"That is the worst of a tragedy," he observed, "one can't always hear oneself talk. Of course I accept the Imperial idea and the responsibility. After all, I would just as soon think in Continents as anywhere else. And some day, when the season is over and we have the time, you shall explain to me the exact blood-brotherhood and all that sort of thing that exists between a French Canadian and a mild Hindoo and a Yorkshireman, for instance."

"Oh, well, 'dominion over palm and pine,' you know," quoted the Duchess hopefully; "of course we mustn't forget that we're all part of the great Anglo-Saxon Empire."

"Which for its part is rapidly becoming a suburb of Jerusalem. A very pleasant suburb, I admit, and quite a charming Jerusalem. But still a suburb."

"Really, to be told one's living in a suburb when one is conscious of spreading the benefits of civilisation all over the world! Philanthropy--I suppose you will say \_that\_ is a comfortable delusion; and yet even you must admit that whenever want or misery or starvation is known to exist, however distant or difficult of access, we instantly organise relief on the most generous scale, and distribute it, if need be, to the uttermost ends of the earth."

The Duchess paused, with a sense of ultimate triumph. She had made the same observation at a drawing-room meeting, and it had been extremely well received.

"I wonder," said Reginald, "if you have ever walked down the Embankment on a winter night?"

"Gracious, no, child! Why do you ask?"

"I didn't; I only wondered. And even your philanthropy, practised in a world where everything is based on competition, must have a debit as well as a credit account. The young ravens cry for food."

"And are fed."

"Exactly. Which presupposes that something else is fed upon."

"Oh, you're simply exasperating. You've been reading Nietzsche till you haven't got any sense of moral proportion left. May I ask if you are governed by \_any\_ laws of conduct whatever?"

"There are certain fixed rules that one observes for one's own comfort. For instance, never be flippantly rude to any inoffensive grey-bearded

stranger that you may meet in pine forests or hotel smoking-rooms on the Continent. It always turns out to be the King of Sweden."

"The restraint must be dreadfully irksome to you. When I was younger, boys of your age used to be nice and innocent."

"Now we are only nice. One must specialise in these days. Which reminds me of the man I read of in some sacred book who was given a choice of what he most desired. And because he didn't ask for titles and honours and dignities, but only for immense wealth, these other things came to him also."

"I am sure you didn't read about him in any sacred book."

"Yes; I fancy you will find him in Debrett."

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## THE REMONSTRANCE

from *The Sunken Garden and other poems*, by Walter De la Mare  
EBook #50240

I was at peace until you came  
And set a careless mind aflame;  
I lived in quiet; cold, content;  
All longing in safe banishment,  
Until your ghostly lips and eyes  
    Made wisdom unwise.

Naught was in me to tempt your feet  
To seek a lodging. Quite forgot  
Lay the sweet solitude we two  
In childhood used to wander through;  
Time's cold had closed my heart about;  
    And shut you out.

Well, and what then?... O vision grave,  
Take all the little all I have!  
Strip me of what in voiceless thought  
Life's kept of life, un hoped, unsought!--  
Reverie and dream that memory must  
    Hide deep in dust!

This only I say,--Though cold and bare  
The haunted house you have chosen to share,  
Still 'neath its walls the moonbeam goes  
And trembles on the untended rose;  
Still o'er its broken roof-tree rise  
The starry arches of the skies;  
And 'neath your lightest word shall be  
The thunder of an ebbing sea.

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## THE GARDEN

by Eric Dickinson, from *Oxford Poetry - 1919*, by Various  
EBook #50378

Blessed with the green of rains, charged sweet with scent of May,  
The garden paths caressed her as she walked with slow foot-fall;  
Slight was her frame, but took no pressure of decay,  
And age had found age beautiful as when youth gave youth all.  
Far over dreamy meadows bells toll the dying sun,  
And a quiet is on her spirit for the tender drooping balm  
Of the evening filled with perfume the spring has swiftly won,  
And the rising moon that greets her in the garden of her calm.

The ebony stick has brought her by the phlox and marigold,  
And a dream of one is with her who loved this place the best of all,  
Who was straight and clean of stature as Bayard was of old--  
Who when the drummers beat the fields obeyed the drummers' call.  
His letters breathed a brighter hope than any she had heard,  
Nor any hint he gave to her that for his fairest youth  
Death leapt and chattered daily, and daily was deterred  
From staying all the transient joys that chased across his mouth.

The mother thrilled with sense of beauty infinite:  
For here it was the lithe, strong arms had pressed her to his breast,  
And his proud mouth had sealed on hers the proudest right  
That lovely tenderness may plan in gardens of the West.  
And so the moon grew white to silver all the lawns,  
While the garden wicket grows more white because a shadow near  
Has come to steal the wakened joy of any further dawns.  
The hand upon the wicket trembles, the vision is not clear

Of the one woman in the garden who is so quiet and still.  
At last the shadow enters and knows a form has sudden fled,  
And now is lonely weeping upon a haunted hill--  
For with it entered a company of France's hidden dead.  
At the sound of feet she turns, while her heart has made such stir  
That makes her grip her stick more close and head grow more erect:  
She sees a priest's worn cassock, and priests are sore to her,  
For as a child she knew they moved where life's best ships were  
wrecked.

"Madame, your son is dead," said he, with lowered glance:  
"But he bade them say the lilies yet are strong within the gale,  
He died a hero's death for honour and for France!"  
Then the mother faced and fixed his eyes, but the cheeks were  
drawn and pale.

"I thank you for these words, for I see God spared him speech  
Before he died, and there are mothers for whom no words atone  
For speech of those they love, and whom no tidings reach.  
I thank you. And now leave me, for I would be alone."

And there she sits so quiet in the light of the young moon,  
While the flowers are dead, and the fruits are dead along with the  
young life  
That someone sped to the depth of the last dim lagoon.  
But only the priest in the fields of youth hears the requiem guns  
of strife.  
And he knows that strife goes on and on, for ever on and on,  
While the harps of the world shall play no more, nor any more  
shall bring  
The maids and youths to laughter until that the end be won,  
And the eyes of men grow young again, and the heart of the world  
can sing.

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## IT SNOWS

by Enrico Castelnuovo, Translation by Edith Wharton.

from *Stories by Foreign Authors: Italian*, by Various

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The thermometer marks barely one degree above freezing, the sky is covered with ominous white clouds, the air is harsh and piercing; what can induce Signor Odoardo, at nine o'clock on such a morning, to stand in his study window? It is true that Signor Odoardo is a vigorous man, in the prime of life, but it is never wise to tempt Providence by needlessly risking one's health. But stay--I begin to think that I have found a clue to his conduct. Opposite Signor Odoardo's window is the window of the Signora Evelina, and Signora Evelina has the same tastes as Signor Odoardo. She too is taking the air, leaning against the window-sill in her dressing-gown, her fair curls falling upon her forehead and tossed back every now and then by a pretty movement of her head. The street is so narrow that it is easy to talk across from one side to the other, but in such weather as this the only two windows that stand open are those of Signora Evelina and Signor Odoardo.

There is no denying the fact: Signora Evelina, who within the last few weeks has taken up her abode across the way, is a very fascinating little widow. Her hair is of spun gold, her skin of milk and roses, her little turned-up nose, though assuredly not Grecian, is much more attractive than if it were; she has the most dazzling teeth in the most kissable mouth; her eyes are transparent as a cloudless sky, and--well, she knows how to use them. Nor is this the sum total of her charms: look at the soft, graceful curves of her agile, well-proportioned figure; look at her little hands and feet! After all, one hardly wonder that Signor Odoardo runs the risk of catching his death of cold, instead of closing the window and warming himself at the stove which roars so cheerfully within. It is rather at Signora Evelina that I wonder; for, though Signer Odoardo is not an ill-looking man, he is close upon forty, while she is but twenty-four. So young, and already a widow--poor Signora Evelina! It is true that she has great strength of character; but six months have elapsed since her husband's death, and she is resigned to it already, though the deceased left her barely enough to keep body and soul together. Happily Signora Evelina is not encumbered with a family; she is alone and independent, and with those eyes, that hair, that little upturned nose, she ought to have no difficulty in finding a second husband. In fact, there is no harm in admitting that Signora Evelina has contemplated the possibility of a second marriage, and that if the would-be bridegroom is not in his first youth--why, she is prepared to make the best of it. In this connection it is perhaps not uninteresting to note that Signor Odoardo is in comfortable circumstances, and is himself a widower. What a coincidence!

Well, then, why don't they marry--that being the customary denouement in such cases?

Why don't they marry? Well--Signor Odoardo is still undecided. If there had been any hope of a love-affair I fear that his indecision would have vanished long ago. Errare humanum est. But Signora Evelina is a woman of serious views; she is in search of a husband, not of a flirtation. Signora Evelina is a person of great determination; she knows how to turn other people's heads without letting her own be moved a jot. Signora Evelina is deep; deep enough, surely, to gain her point. If Signor Odoardo flutters about her much longer he will! singe his wings; things cannot go on in this; way. Signor Odoardo's visits are too frequent; and now, in addition, there are the conversations from the window. It is time for a decisive step to be taken, and Signor Odoardo is afraid that he may find himself taking the step before he is prepared to; this very day, perhaps, when he goes to call on the widow.

The door of Signor Odoardo's study is directly opposite the window in which he is standing, and the opening of this door is therefore made known to him by a violent draught.

As he turns a sweet voice says:

"Good-bye, papa dear; I'm going to school."

"Good-bye, Doretta," he answers, stooping to kiss a pretty little maid of eight or nine; and at the same instant Signora Evelina calls out from over the way:

"Good-morning, Doretta!"

Doretta, who had made a little grimace on discovering her papa in conversation with his pretty neighbor, makes another as she hears herself greeted, and mutters reluctantly, "Good-morning."

Then, with her little basket on her arm, she turns away slowly to join the maid-servant who is waiting for her in the hall.

"I am SO fond of that child," sighs Signora Evelina, with the sweetest inflexion in her voice, "but she doesn't like me at all!"

"What an absurd idea!...Doretta is a very self-willed child."

Thus Signor Odoardo; but in his heart of hearts he too is convinced that his little daughter has no fondness for Signora Evelina.

Meanwhile, the cold is growing more intense, and every now and then a flake of snow spins around upon the wind. Short of wishing to be frozen

stiff, there is nothing for it but to shut the window.

"It snows," says Signora Evelina, glancing upward.

"Oh, it was sure to come."

"Well--I must go and look after my household. Au revoir--shall I see you later?"

"I hope to have the pleasure--"

"Au revoir, then."

Signora Evelina closes the window, nods and smiles once more through the pane, and disappears.

Signor Odoardo turns back to his study, and perceiving how cold it has grown, throws some wood on the fire, and, kneeling before the door of the stove, tries to blow the embers into a blaze. The flames leap up with a merry noise, sending bright flashes along the walls of the room.

Outside, the flakes continue to descend at intervals. Perhaps, after all, it is not going to be a snowstorm.

Signor Odoardo paces up and down the room, with bent head and hands thrust in his pockets. He is disturbed, profoundly disturbed. He feels that he has reached a crisis in his life; that in a few days, perhaps in a few hours, his future will be decided. Is he seriously in love with Signora Evelina? How long has he known her? Will she be sweet and good like THE OTHER? Will she know how to be a mother to Doretta?

There is a sound of steps in the hall; Signor Odoardo pauses in the middle of the room. The door re-opens, and Doretta rushes up to her father, her cheeks flushed, her hood falling over her forehead, her warm coat buttoned up to her chin, her hands thrust into her muff.

"It is snowing and the teacher has sent us home."

She tosses off her hood and coat and goes up to the stove.

"There is a good fire, but the room is cold," she exclaims.

As a matter of fact, the window having stood open for half an hour, the thermometer indicates but fifty degrees.

"Papa," Doretta goes on, "I want to stay with you all day long to-day."

"And suppose your poor daddy has affairs of his own to attend to?"

"No, no, you must give them up for to-day."

And Doretta, without waiting for an answer, runs to fetch her books, her doll, and her work. The books are spread out on the desk, the doll is comfortably seated on the sofa, and the work is laid out upon a low stool.

"Ah," she cries, with an air of importance, "what a mercy that there is no school to-day! I shall have time to go over my lesson. Oh, look how it snows!"

It snows indeed. First a white powder, fine but thick, and whirled in circles by the wind, beats with a dry metallic sound against the window-panes; then the wind drops, and the flakes, growing larger, descend silently, monotonously, incessantly. The snow covers the streets like a downy carpet, spreads itself like a sheet over the roofs, fills up the cracks in the walls, heaps itself upon the window-sills, envelops the iron window-bars, and hangs in festoons from the gutters and eaves.

Out of doors it must be as cold as ever, but the room is growing rapidly warmer, and Doretta, climbing on a chair, has the satisfaction of announcing that the mercury has risen eleven degrees.

"Yes, dear," her father replies, "and the clock is striking eleven too. Run and tell them to get breakfast ready."

Doretta runs off obediently, but reappears in a moment.

"Daddy, daddy, what do you suppose has happened? The dining-room stove won't draw, and the room is all full of smoke!"

"Then let us breakfast here, child."

This excellent suggestion is joy to the soul of Doretta, who hastens to carry the news to the kitchen, and then, in a series of journeys back and forth from the dining-room to the study, transports with her own hands the knives, forks, plates, tablecloth, and napkins, and, with the man-servant's aid, lays them out upon one of her papa's tables. How merry she is! How completely the cloud has vanished that darkened her brow a few hours earlier! And how well she acquits herself of her household duties!

Signor Odoardo, watching her with a sense of satisfaction, cannot resist exclaiming: "Bravo, Doretta!"

Doretta is undeniably the very image of her mother. She too was just

such an excellent housekeeper, a model of order, of neatness, of propriety. And she was pretty, like Doretta, even though she did not possess the fair hair and captivating eyes of Signora Evelina.

The man-servant who brings in the breakfast is accompanied by a newcomer, the cat Melanio, who is always present at Doretta's meals. The cat Melanio is old; he has known Doretta ever since she was born, and he honors her with his protection. Every morning he mews at her door, as though to inquire if she has slept well; every evening he keeps her company until it is time for her to go to bed. Whenever she goes out he speeds her with a gentle purr; whenever he hears her come in he hurries to meet her and rubs himself against her legs. In the morning, and at the midday meal, when she takes it at home, he sits beside her chair and silently waits for the scraps from her plate. The cat Melanio, however, is not in the habit of visiting Signor Odoardo's study, and shows a certain surprise at finding himself there. Signor Odoardo, for his part, receives his new guest with some diffidence; but Doretta, intervening in Melanio's favor, undertakes to answer for his good conduct.

It is long since Doretta has eaten with so much appetite. When she has finished her breakfast, she clears the table as deftly and promptly as she had laid it, and in a few moments Signor Odoardo's study has resumed its wonted appearance. Only the cat Melanio remains, comfortably established by the stove, on the understanding that he is to be left there as long as he is not troublesome.

The continual coming and going has made the room grow colder. The mercury has dropped perceptibly, and Doretta, to make it rise again, empties nearly the whole wood-basket into the stove.

How it snows, how it snows! No longer in detached flakes, but as though an openwork white cloth were continuously unrolled before one's eyes. Signor Odoardo begins to think that it will be impossible for him to call on Signora Evelina. True, it is only a step, but he would sink into the snow up to his knees. After all, it is only twelve o'clock. It may stop snowing later. Doretta is struck by a luminous thought:

"What if I were to answer grandmamma's letter?"

In another moment Doretta is seated at her father's desk, in his arm-chair, two cushions raising her to the requisite height, her legs dangling into space, the pen suspended in her hand, and her eyes fixed upon a sheet of ruled paper, containing thus far but two words: Dear Grandmamma.

Signor Odoardo, leaning against the stove, watches his daughter with a smile.

It appears that at last Doretta has discovered a way of beginning her letter, for she re-plunges the pen into the inkstand, lowers her hand to the sheet of paper, wrinkles her forehead and sticks out her tongue.

After several minutes of assiduous toil she raises her head and asks:

"What shall I say to grandmamma about her invitation to go and spend a few weeks with her?"

"Tell her that you can't go now, but that she may expect you in the spring."

"With you, papa?"

"With me, yes," Signor Odoardo answers mechanically.

Yet if, in the meantime, he engages himself to Signora Evelina, this visit to his mother-in-law will become rather an awkward business.

"There--I've finished!" Doretta cries with an air of triumph.

But the cry is succeeded by another, half of anguish, half of rage.

"What's the matter now?"

"A blot!"

"Let me see?...You little goose, what HAVE you done?...You've ruined the letter now!"

Doretta, having endeavored to remove the ink-spot by licking it, has torn the paper.

"Oh, dear, I shall have to copy it out now," she says, in a mortified tone.

"You can copy it this evening. Bring it here, and let me look at it...Not bad,--not bad at all. A few letters to be added, and a few to be taken out; but, on the whole, for a chit of your size, it's fairly creditable. Good girl!"

Doretta rests upon her laurels, playing with her doll Nini. She dresses Nini in her best gown, and takes her to call on the cat, Melanio.

The cat, Melanio, who is dozing with half-open eyes, is somewhat bored by these attentions. Raising himself on his four paws, he arches his flexible body, and then rolls himself up into a ball, turning his back



upon his visitor.

"Dear me, Melanio is not very polite to-day," says Doretta, escorting the doll back to the sofa. "But you mustn't be offended; he's very seldom impolite. I think it must be the weather; doesn't the weather make you sleepy too, Nini? ...Come, let's take a nap; go by-bye, baby, go by-bye."

Nini sleeps. Her head rests upon a cushion, her little rag and horse-hair body is wrapped in a woollen coverlet, her lids are closed; for Nini raises or lowers her lids according to the position of her body.

Signor Odoardo looks at the clock and then glances out of the window. It is two o'clock and the snow is still falling.

Doretta is struck by another idea.

"Daddy, see if I know my La Fontaine fable: Le corbeau et le renard."

"Very well, let's hear it," Signor Odoardo assents, taking the open book from the little girl's hands.

Doretta begins:

"Maitre corbeau, sur un arbre perche,  
Tenait en son bec un fromage;  
Maitre...maitre...maitre..."

"Go on."

"Maitre..."

"Maitre renard."

"Oh, yes, now I remember:

Maitre renard, par l'odeur alleche,  
Lui tint a peu pres ce langage:  
He! bonjour..."

At this point Doretta, seeing that her father is not listening to her, breaks off her recitation. Signor Odoardo has, in fact, closed the book upon his forefinger, and is looking elsewhere.

"Well, Doretta," he absently inquires, "why don't you go on?"

"I'm not going to say any more of it," she answers sullenly.

"Why, you cross-patch! What's the matter?"

The little girl, who had been seated on a low stool, has risen to her feet and now sees why her papa has not been attending to her. The snow is falling less thickly, and the fair head of Signora Evelina has appeared behind the window-panes over the way.

Brave little woman! She has actually opened the window, and is clearing the snow off the sill with a fire-shovel. Her eyes meet Signor Odoardo's; she smiles and shakes her head, as though to say: What hateful weather!

He would be an ill-mannered boor who should not feel impelled to say a word to the dauntless Signor Evelina. Signor Odoardo, who is not an ill-mannered boor, yields to the temptation of opening the window for a moment.

"Bravo, Signora Evelina! I see you are not afraid of the snow."

"Oh, Signor Odoardo, what fiendish weather!...But, if I am not mistaken, that is Doretta with you...How do you do, Doretta?"

"Doretta, come here and say how do you do to the lady."

"No, no--let her be, let her be! Children catch cold so easily--you had better shut the window. I suppose there is no hope of seeing you to-day?"

"Look at the condition of the streets!"

"Oh, you men...you men!...The stronger sex...but no matter. Au revoir!"

"Au revoir."

The two windows are closed simultaneously, but this time Signora Evelina does not disappear. She is sitting there, close to the window, and it snows so lightly now that her wonderful profile is outlined as clearly as possible against the pane. Good heavens, how beautiful she is!

Signor Odoardo walks up and down the room, in the worst of humors. He feels that it is wrong not to go and see the fascinating widow, and that to go and see her would be still more wrong. The cloud has settled again upon Doretta's forehead, the same cloud that darkened it in the morning.

Not a word is said of La Fontaine's fable. Instead, Signor Odoardo

grumbles irritably:

"This blessed room is as cold as ever."

"Why shouldn't it be," Doretta retorts with a touch of asperity, "when you open the window every few minutes?"

"Oho," Signer Odoardo says to himself, "it is time to have this matter out."

And, going up to Doretta, he takes her by the hand, leads her to the sofa, and lifts her on his knee.

"Now, then, Doretta, why is it that you are so disagreeable to Signora Evelina?"

The little girl, not knowing what to answer, grows red and embarrassed.

"What has Signora Evelina done to you?" her father continues.

"She hasn't done anything to me."

"And yet you don't like her."

Profound silence.

"And SHE likes you so much!"

"I don't care if she does!"

"You naughty child!...And what if, one of these days, you had to live with Signora Evelina?"

"I won't live with her--I won't live with her!" the child bursts out.

"Now you are talking foolishly," Signor Odoardo admonishes her in a severe tone, setting her down from his knee.

She bursts into passionate weeping.

"Come, Doretta, come...Is this the way you keep your daddy company?...Enough of this, Doretta."

But, say what he pleases, Doretta must have her cry. Her brown eyes are swimming in tears, her little breast heaves, her voice is broken by sobs.

"What ridiculous whims!" Signer Odoardo exclaims, throwing his head

back against the sofa cushions.

Signor Odoardo is unjust, and, what is worse, he does not believe what he is saying. He knows that this is no whim of Doretta's. He knows it better than the child herself, who would probably find it difficult to explain what she is undergoing. It is at once the presentiment of a new danger and the renewal of a bygone sorrow. Doretta was barely six years old when her mother died, and yet her remembrance is indelibly impressed upon the child's mind. And now it seems as though her mother were dying again.

"When you have finished crying, Doretta, you may come here," Signor Odoardo says.

Doretta, crouching in a corner of the room, cries less vehemently, but has not yet finished crying. Just like the weather outside,--it snows less heavily, but it still snows.

Signor Odoardo covers his eyes with his hand.

How many thoughts are thronging through his head, how many affections are contending in his heart! If he could but banish the vision of Signora Evelina--but he tries in vain. He is haunted by those blue eyes, by that persuasive smile, that graceful and harmonious presence. He has but to say the word, and he knows that she will be his, to brighten his solitary home, and fill it with life and love. Her presence would take ten years from his age, he would feel as he did when he was betrothed for the first time. And yet--no; it would not be quite like the first time.

He is not the same man that he was then, and she, THE OTHER, ah, how different SHE was from the Signora Evelina! How modest and shy she was! How girlishly reserved, even in the expression of her love! How beautiful were her sudden blushes, how sweet the droop of her long, shyly-lowered lashes! He had known her first in the intimacy of her own home, simple, shy, a good daughter and a good sister, as she was destined to be a good wife and mother. For a while he had loved her in silence, and she had returned his love. One day, walking beside her in the garden, he had seized her hand with sudden impetuosity, and raising it to his lips had said, "I care for you so much!" and she, pale and trembling, had run to her mother's arms, crying out, "Oh, how happy I am!"

Ah, those dear days--those dear days! He was a poet then; with the accent of sincerest passion he whispered in his love's ear:

"I love thee more than all the world beside,  
My only faith and hope thou art,

My God, my country, and my bride--  
Sole love of this unchanging heart!"

Very bad poetry, but deliciously thrilling to his young betrothed. Oh, the dear, dear days! Oh, the long hours that pass like a flash in delightful talk, the secrets that the soul first reveals to itself in revealing them to the beloved, the caresses longed for and yet half feared, the lovers' quarrels, the tears that are kissed away, the shynesses, the simplicity, the abandonment of a pure and passionate love--who may hope to know you twice in a lifetime?

No, Signora Evelina can never restore what he has lost to Signor Odoardo. No, this self-possessed widow, who, after six months of mourning, has already started on the hunt for a second husband, cannot inspire him with the faith that he felt in THE OTHER. Ah, first-loved women, why is it that you must die? For the dead give no kisses, no caresses, and the living long to be caressed and kissed.

Who talks of kisses? Here is one that has alit, all soft and warm, on Signor Odoardo's lips, rousing him with a start.--Ah!...Is it you, Doretta?--It is Doretta, who says nothing, but who is longing to make it up with her daddy. She lays her cheek against his, he presses her little head close, lest she should escape from him. He too is silent--what can he say to her?

It is growing dark, and the eyes of the cat Melanio begin to glitter in the corner by the stove. The man-servant knocks and asks if he is to bring the lamp.

"Make up the fire first," Signor Odoardo says.

The wood crackles and snaps, and sends up showers of sparks; then it bursts into flame, blazing away with a regular, monotonous sound, like the breath of a sleeping giant. In the dusk the firelight flashes upon the walls, brings out the pattern of the wall-paper, and travels far enough to illuminate a corner of the desk. The shadows lengthen and then shorten again, thicken and then shrink; everything in the room seems to be continually changing its size and shape. Signor Odoardo, giving free rein to his thoughts, evokes the vision of his married life, sees the baby's cradle, recalls her first cries and smiles, feels again his dying wife's last kiss, and hears the last word upon her lips,--DORETTA. No, no, it is impossible that he should ever do anything to make his Doretta unhappy! And yet he is not sure of resisting Signora Evelina's wiles; he is almost afraid that, when he sees his enchantress on the morrow, all his strong resolves may take flight. There is but one way out of it.

"Doretta," says Signor Odoardo.

"Father?"

"Are you going to copy out your letter to your grandmamma this evening?"

"Yes, father."

"Wouldn't you rather go and see your grandmamma yourself?"

"With whom?" the child falters anxiously, her little heart beating a frantic tattoo as she awaits his answer.

"With me, Doretta."

"With YOU, daddy?" she exclaims, hardly daring to believe her ears.

"Yes, with me; with your daddy."

"Oh, daddy, DADDY!" she cries, her little arms about his neck, her kisses covering his face. "Oh, daddy, my own dear daddy! When shall we start?"

"To-morrow morning, if you're not afraid of the snow."

"Why not now? Why not at once?"

"Gently--gently. Good Lord, doesn't the child want her dinner first?"

And Signor Odoardo, gently detaching himself from his daughter's embrace, rises and rings for the lamp. Then, instinctively, he glances once more towards the window. In the opposite house all is dark, and Signora Evelina's profile is no longer outlined against the pane. The weather is still threatening, and now and then a snowflake falls. The servant closes the shutters and draws the curtains, so that no profane gaze may penetrate into the domestic sanctuary.

"We had better dine in here," Signor Odoardo says. "The dining-room must be as cold as Greenland."

Doretta, meanwhile, is convulsing the kitchen with the noisy announcement of the impending journey. At first she is thought to be joking, but when she establishes the fact that she is speaking seriously, it is respectfully pointed out to her that the master of the house must be crazy. To start on a journey in the depth of winter, and in such weather! If at least they were to wait for a fine day!

But what does Doretta care for the comments of the kitchen? She is beside herself with joy. She sings, she dances about the room, and

breaks off every moment or two to give her father a kiss. Then she pours out the fulness of her emotion upon the cat Melanio and the doll Nini, promising the latter to bring her back a new frock from Milan.

At dinner she eats little and talks incessantly of the journey, asking again and again what time it is, and at what time they are to start.

"Are you afraid of missing the train?" Signor Odoardo asks with a smile.

And yet, though he dissembles his impatience, it is as great as hers. He longs to go away, far away. Perhaps he may not return until spring. He orders his luggage packed for an absence of two months.

Doretta goes to bed early, but all night long she tosses about under the bed-clothes, waking her nurse twenty times to ask: "Is it time to get up?"

Signor Odoardo, too, is awake when the man-servant comes to call him the next morning at six o'clock.

"What sort of a day is it?"

"Very bad, sir--just such another as yesterday. In fact, if I might make the suggestion, sir, if it's not necessary for you to start to-day--"

"It is, Angelo. Absolutely necessary."

At the station there are only a few sleepy, depressed-looking travellers wrapped in furs. They are all grumbling about the weather, about the cold, about the earliness of the hour, and declaring that nothing but the most urgent business would have got them out of bed at that time of day. There is but one person in the station who is all liveliness and smiles--Doretta.

The first-class compartment in which Signor Odoardo and his daughter find themselves is bitterly cold, in spite of foot-warmers, but Doretta finds the temperature delicious, and, if she dared, would open the windows for the pleasure of looking out.

"Are you happy, Doretta?"

"Oh, SO happy!"

Ten years earlier, on a pleasanter day, but also in winter, Signor Odoardo had started on his wedding-journey. Opposite him had sat a

young girl, who looked as much like Doretta as a woman can look like a child; a pretty, sedate young girl, oh, so sweetly, tenderly in love with Signor Odoardo. And as the train started he had asked her the same question:

"Are you happy, Maria?"

And she had answered:

"Oh, so happy!" just like Doretta.

The train races and flies. Farewell, farewell, for ever, Signora Evelina.

And did Signora Evelina die of despair?

Oh, no; Signora Evelina has a perfect disposition and a delightful home. The perfect disposition enables her not to take things too seriously, the delightful home affords her a thousand distractions. Its windows do not all look towards Signor Odoardo's residence. One of them, for example, commands a little garden belonging to a worthy bachelor who smokes his pipe there on pleasant days. Signora Evelina finds the worthy bachelor to her taste, and the worthy bachelor, who is an average-adjuster by profession, admires Signora Evelina's eyes, and considers her handsomely and solidly enough put together to rank A No. 1 on Lloyd's registers.

The result is that the bachelor now and then looks up at the window, and the Signora Evelina now and then looks down at the garden. The weather not being propitious to out-of-door conversation, Signora Evelina at length invites her neighbor to come and pay her a visit. Her neighbor hesitates and she renews the invitation. How can one resist such a charming woman? And what does one visit signify? Nothing at all. The excellent average-adjuster has every reason to be pleased with his reception, the more so as Signora Evelina actually gives him leave to bring his pipe the next time he comes. She adores the smell of a pipe. Signora Evelina is an ideal woman, just the wife for a business man who had not positively made up his mind to remain single. And as to that, muses the average-adjuster, have I ever positively made up my mind to remain single, and if I have, who is to prevent my changing it?

And so it comes to pass that when, after an absence of three months, Signor Odoardo returns home with Doretta, he receives notice of the approaching marriage of Signora Evelina Chiocci, widow Ramboldi, with Signor Archimede Fagiuolo.

"Fagiuolo!" shouts Doretta, "FAGIUOLO!" [Footnote: Fagiuolo: a simpleton.]



The name seems to excite her unbounded hilarity; but I am under the impression that the real cause of her merriment is not so much Signora Evelina's husband as Signora Evelina's marriage.

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